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THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

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THE

LANGUAGE AND POETRY

OF

FLOWERS.

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THE

Language and Poetry

OF

FLOWERS.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

"I have gathered a nosegay of Culled Flowers and brought nothing of my own, but the thread that ties them."

NEW YORK:
DERBY & JACKSON, 119 NASSAU STREET.
1859.

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PREFACE.

The motto chosen for the title page of this little volume, will best explain the nature and plan of it, and therefore the readers are spared the infliction of a long elucidatory preface, which it is quite likely that they would not take the trouble to read. Apologies for putting forth a work on a similar subject to so many beautiful volumes as to have, during the last few years, issued from the press, the Editor does not conceive to be necessary, because he feels assured that the taste for flowers, and for the poetical associations connected therewith, widely as it has been extended and diffused among all classes, by these various publications, is still a growing and increasing one, and that there is yet room for many more works, both original and collected, upon this most imaginative and delightful of all subjects.

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LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

"The gentle flowers
Retired, and stooping o'er the wilderness,
Talked of humility, and peace, and love."
ROBERT POLLOK.

OVER what barren spot is it, reader, that the "gentle flowers" shed, with most effect, their sanctifying influence? Is it not over that moral "wilderness," the heart of man, that they "stoop," and "*talk* of humility, and peace and love," till the stony places become fruitful, and produce abundantly, good thoughts, pure wishes, and holy desires and aspirations; till the sterile waste changes to a garden? It is, and none that have ever truly listened to their eloquent

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preaching, have turned away unimproved and uninstructed, for :—

"From the first bud, whose verdant head
The winter's lingering tempest braves,
To those, which 'mid the foliage dead,
Shrink latest to their annual graves;
All are for use, for health, or pleasure given,
All *speak*, in various ways, the bounteous hand of Heaven."
CHARLOTTE SMITH.

These are the sentiments of a pure mind and a lofty imagination, and the authoress of the following words may well claim sisterhood with her from whom they emanated :—"And who dare say that flowers do not *speak a language*, a clear and intelligible *language?* Ask WORDSWORTH, for to him they have *spoken*, until they excited 'thoughts that lie too deep for tears;' ask CHAUCER, for he held companionship with them in the meadows; ask any of the poets, ancient or modern. Observe them, reader, love them, linger over them, and ask your own heart if they do not *speak* affection, benevolence, and piety?" In confirmation of this, we also quote some stanzas from another poet, whose

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volumes, as this authoress truly observes, "are like a beautiful country, diversified with woods, meadows, heaths, and flower-gardens:"*—

"Bowing adorers of the gale,
Ye cowslips delicately pale,
Upraise your loaded stems;
Unfold your cups in splendour, *speak!*
Who decked you with that ruddy streak,
And gilt your golden gems?

"Violets, sweet tenants of the shade,
In purple's richest pride arrayed,
Your errand here fulfil
Go, *bid* the artist's simple stain
Your lustre imitate in vain,
And match your Maker's skill.

"Daisies, ye flowers of lowly birth,
Embroiderers of the carpet earth,
That stud the velvet sod,
Open to Spring's refreshing air,
In sweetest, smiling bloom, *declare*
Your Maker, and my God."—JOHN CLARE.

Verily, it was well said, that "Solomon, in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these;" and well was it continued, by a lately departed

* Flora Domestica.

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poet, "and Solomon, in all his wisdom never *taught* more wholesome lessons than these silent monitors convey to a thoughtful mind and an understanding heart." "There are two books," says SIR THOMAS BROWNE, "from whence I collect my divinity; besides that written one of God, another of His servant, nature, that universal and public manuscript that lies expanded unto the eyes of all. Those who never saw Him in the one have discovered Him in the other. This was the scripture and theology of the heathens; the natural motion of the sun made them more admire Him than its supernatural station did the children of Israel; the ordinary effects of nature wrought more admiration in them, than in the other all his miracles. Surely the heathens knew better how to join and read these mystical letters, than we Christians, who cast a more careless eye on these common hieroglyphics, and disdain to suck divinity from the flowers of nature."

"Flowers," says MR. PHILLIPS, "formed a principal feature in symbolical *language*, which is the most ancient, as well as the most natural,

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of all languages. It was an easy transition, after they had come to be regarded as proofs and manifestations of divine love, goodness, and protection, to make them the signs and symbols of human feelings and passions; hence hopes, fears, and desires, joys and sorrows, and all the sentiments and emotions which sway and agitate the soul of man, have had their appropriate expression in these mute, yet eloquent letters of the blooming "alphabet of creation:"—

"By all those token flowers that *tell*
What words can ne'er express so well."—BYRON.

Sings the poet of our day, adjuring his mistress to believe in his truth and fidelity, and so, though in somewhat different words, might have sung, and very likely did sing, the Israelite of old on the flowery banks of Jordan, the Babylonian in his hanging gardens, or the swarthy son of Egypt, who, kneeling by the mysterious Nile, might have plucked the blossom of the bright nymphœa, and putting it to his lips, and turning to the earthly idol of his adoration, have said:—

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"The lotus flower, whose leaves I now
Kiss silently,
Far more than words can *tell* thee how
I worship thee."—MOORE.

This may be considered by some of our readers a fanciful theory, but surely it has as good foundations for its support, as many an hypothesis which has obtained universal approbation and credit.

"When nature laughs out in all the triumph of spring, it may be said, without a metaphor that, in her thousand varieties of flowers, we see the sweetest of her smiles; that, through them, we comprehend the exultation of her joys: and that, by them, she wafts her songs of thanksgiving to the heaven above her, which repays her tribute of gratitude with looks of love. Yes, flowers have their *language*. Theirs is an oratory, that *speaks* in perfumed silence, and there is tenderness, and passion, and even the light-heartedness of mirth in the variegated beauty of their *vocabulary*. To the poetical mind, they are not mute to each other; to the pious, they are not mute to their Creator. . . .

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No spoken word can approach to the delicacy of sentiment to be inferred from a flower seasonably offered, the softest impression may thus be conveyed without offence, and even profound grief alleviated, at a moment when the most tuneful voice would grate harshly on the ear, and when the stricken soul can be soothed only by unbroken silence."

But let us recur to the words of this "Professor of the gentle art," and evidence their truth by a few examples showing the effect of "floral language" upon a mind stricken with grief. Listen to PHILASTER:—

"I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears
A garland lay him by, made by himself
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
Delighted me. But ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence

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Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story.
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots, and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
Which still, he thanked him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did show
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify; and how all, ordered thus,
Expressed his grief: And, to my thoughts, did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wished. I gladly entertained him,
Who was as glad to follow, and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy,
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Thus did the gentle boy mitigate his grief by turning an emblematic wreath into a mute expression of it.

"Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not *speak*,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break."

Says Malcolm to the bereaved husband and father in "Macbeth,"—and this poor orphan had hit upon a mode of giving *his* "sorrow words," more touching, perhaps, than a more loud and violent utterance could have been.

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Another bard has given us an example of the power which he attributes to flowers for allaying the tempest of grief, rage, and hate, passions which sometimes meet and struggle for mastery in the human bosom, rendering him whom they control speechless, and sullen as the cloud, before the rattling thunder and the vivid lightning breaks forth, to scathe and destroy. In "The Bride of Abydos," Selim, after listening to the taunts and reproaches of old Giaffir, stands thus moody and silent, a prey to these contending passions, when:—

"To him Zulieka's eye was turned,
But little from his aspect learned;
* * * * * *
Thrice paced she slowly through the room,
And watched his eye—it still was fixed:
She snatched the urn, wherein was mixed
The Persian Atar-gul's perfume,
And sprinkled all its odors o'er
The pictured roof and marbled floor;
The drops, that through his glittering vest
The playful girl's appeal addressed,
Unheeded o'er his bosom flew,
As if that breast were marble too.
What, sullen yet? it must not be—
Oh! gentle Selim, this from thee?'

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She saw in curious order set
The fairest flowers of Eastern land—
'He loved them once—may touch them yet,
If offered by Zulieka's hand.'
The childish thought was hardly breathed
Before the rose was plucked and wreathed;
The next fond moment saw her seat
Her fairy form at Selim's feet:
This rose, to calm my brother's cares,
A message from the Bulbul bears;
It *says* to-night he will prolong,
For Selim's ear the sweetest song;
And though his note is somewhat sad,
He'll try for once a strain more glad,
With some faint hope his altered lay,
May sing these gloomy thoughts away.'
* * * * * *
He lived—he breathed—he moved—he felt
He raised the maid from where she knelt;
His trance was gone—his keen eye shone
With thoughts that long in darkness dwelt;
With thoughts that burn—in rays that melt."

BYRON.

Let us present our readers with another picture, somewhat similar to the first, only that the grief is here deeper and more irremediable:—

"She lived on alms, and carried in her hand
Some withered stalks she gathered in the spring;

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When any asked the cause, she smiled, and said
They were her sisters, and would come and watch
Her grave when she was dead. She never spoke
Of her deceased father, mother, home,
Or child, or heaven, or hell, or God, but still
In lonely places walked, and ever gazed
Upon the withered stalks, and *talked* to them;
Till wasted to the shadow of her youth,
With woe too wide to see beyond, she died."

POLLOK.

These withered stalks were to her as beautiful and full of perfume as when they were first plucked, and she regarded them as the friends and companions of her youth, *talking* to them, and receiving answers — words of love and affection. We are here reminded of poor Ophelia, who in her madness made "fantastic garlands"

"Of crow flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples."

Of which it has been observed that they are all emblematic flowers, the first signifying, *Fair Maid;* the second, *stung to the quick;* the third, *her virgin bloom;* the fourth, *under the cold hand of death;* and the whole being wild flowers, *might denote the bewildered state of her faculties.*

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"It would be difficult," says the author of this observation, "to find a more emblematic wreath for this interesting victim of disappointed love and filial sorrow." This is only one of many instances in which our greatest poet has displayed his fondness for flowers, and his delicate appreciation of their uses and similitudes. We have another in the "Winter's Tale," where he makes Perdita give flowers to her visitors appropriate to, and symbolical of, their various ages. See Act 4, Scene 3.

The mystical Language of Flowers, as applied to the passions and sentiments, appears to have had its rise in those sunny regions where the rose springs spontaneously from its native soil, and the jessamine and the tuberose fill with beauty and perfume alike the garden and the wilderness.

"Certainly," says a writer in the Edinburgh Magazine, of 1818, "the influence of this land of the sun has been felt by the pilgrims from our colder climes, and they have presented to us a pleasing fable in the *Language of Flowers*, and our imaginations have received with delight

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the descriptions and interpretations with which we have been favored from time to time. We have dwelt on, till we have become enamored of the delicate mode of expressing the rise and progress of love by the gift of the tender rose-bud, or the full blown flower. We have pitied the despair indicated by a present of myrtle interwoven with cypress and poppies, and we believe that these emblems will never cease to convey some similar sentiments, wherever poetry is cultivated or delicacy understood." — The same author continues, "But" — Oh, reader, mark that "but," 'tis a frightful word, is it not? ever coming to dissipate some bright dream. to scare some beautiful phantom of the imagination from our presence, and to guide our wandering feet back into the world of cold reality, where—

"The mute expression of sweet nature's voices,
Are drowned amid the turmoil of life's noises;
Where thoughts of fear and darkness come unbidden,
And love and hope are into silence chidden."—H. G. A.

"But we fear that the Turkish 'Language of Flowers,' which Lady Montague first made

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popular in this country, has little claim to so refined an origin, as either purity or the delicacy of passion. We had been taught to believe that it served as a means of communication between the prisoners of the harem and their friends or lovers without: but how could it be thus used, when the emblematic nosegay must convey as much intelligence to the guardians and fellow-prisoners of one of the parties, as to the party herself? The truth appears to be that the 'Language of Flowers' and other inanimate objects, has arisen in the idleness of the harem, from the desire of amusement and variety which the ladies shut up there, without employment, and without culture, must feel. It answers the purpose of enigmas, the solution of which, amuses the vacant hours of the Turkish ladies, and is founded on a sort of crambo or *bout rimè*, of which M. HAMMER has given not less than an hundred specimens." We quote one of the specimens given by this ingenious Frenchman, in the Turkish and English languages:—

"Armonde—wer bana bir Ominde."
"Pear—Let me not Despair."

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This, though not strictly floral, is the most manageable as regards the translation that could be hit upon, and we have therefore chosen it. Sometimes a word has various meanings, as various sentences rhyme with it; for instance:

"Rose—You smile, but still my anguish grows.
Rose—For thee my heart with love still glows."

Sometimes a double rhyme belongs to a single word, as:—

"Tea—You are both sun and moon to me,
Your's is the light by which I see."

And often times two flowers combined may form a stanza, as:—

"The opening *rose*-bud shows how pure
My love for thee, thou charming maid;
The *pink*, alas! thy proud disdain,
With which my ardent passion's paid."

By the above examples, it will be seen that there is nothing on earth, in air, or water, to which a meaning may not be attached, but these meanings are very arbitrary, depending more upon the sound of words, which will rhyme with the object named, than on any real or fancied similarity of significance in their

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nature or properties. But what a heresy is it to call this system of arbitrary meanings the "Language of Flowers;" what a departure from that only true faith, the principal tenet of which is a firm and fervent belief in the significance of nature! If God speaks in the elements —and who shall doubt?—if the winds, and the waves, and the loud rattling thunders, testify of his power and majesty, do not the forest trees also, and the grasses of the fields, and the beautiful blossoms which adorn like living gems, the bosom of the earth,—have not these *voices*—voices of instruction, and reproof, and sympathy, and love, and all that is most gentle and benign? Assuredly they have! Let us then look upon them not as the mere playthings of an idle hour,—as gauds and decorations for the frivolous and vain, but as something too sacred to be made the symbols of false sentiments, and feigned, or evil passions.

Truly the *real* "Language of Flowers" is no system of unmeaning similitudes; there is a deeper significance attached to every plant and flower, indeed to every object in nature, than

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the mere sensualist or the shallow sentimentalist would imagine; and here are the words of one who has studied them deeply, and knows that they are *types* and *characters* of the glorious revelation, second only to that direct one which God has given us in the Bible. What says he:—

"Listen to the words of wisdom,
Uttered by the tongue of truth,
Tottering age and manly vigour,
Listen ye—and smiling youth."—H. G. A.

"Books are great and glorious agents of civilization and happiness. They are the silent teachers of mankind, filling the mind with wisdom, and strengthening the understanding for the strife of action; making us powerful and gentle, wise and humble, at the same time. But we cannot be always buried in our books; we must sometimes go out into the sunshine, and it is necessary, in order to enjoy our books, that we should also enjoy the privilege of air and light, drinking in health and vigor, to enable us to make the best and most profitable use of our sedentary hours. In direct opposition then to books, or rather in secret combination

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with them, we would place flowers—the *out-of-door books* Nature has so liberally provided for us, in so rich a variety of types and bindings, as to leave us no excuse for not gratifying all our individual tastes. The lover of flowers has this advantage over the lover of books, that he can never be at a loss for variety; but we suspect the classification is somewhat arbitrary, and that there is hardly any one who loves the one, who does not also love the other. The best way to enjoy either is to enjoy both; to take them alternately, so that they may relieve and show off each other to the best advantage. A walk in an open field, and one hour spent in gathering wild flowers, to be afterwards grouped into a vase upon the library table, is by no means the least suggestive preparation for a morning's reading."—Yes, and then, as we inhale their balmy freshness, and look upon their beautiful hues, we shall think of the spots in which we have gathered them, and our spirits will become invigorated, our thoughts more penetrating, and our minds strengthened for the work before us.

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HOLY FLOWERS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Mindful of the pious festivals which our church prescribes, I have sought to make these charming objects of floral nature, the *time-pieces of my religious calendar*, and the mementoes of the hastening period of my mortality. Thus I can light the taper to our Virgin Mother on the blowing of the white snow-drop, which opens its floweret at the time of Candlemas; the lady's smock, and the daffodil, remind me of the Annunciation; the blue harebell, of the Festival of St. George; the ranunculus, of the Invention of the Cross; the scarlet lychnis, of St. John the Baptist's day; the white lily, of the Visitation of our Lady; and the Virgin's bower, of her Assumption; and Michaelmas, Martinmas, Holyrood, and Christmas, have all their appropriate monitors. I learn the time of day from the shutting of the blossoms of the Star of Jerusalem and the Dandelion, and the hour of the night by the stars.

A FRANCISCAN.

Ah! simple-hearted piety,
In former days such flowers could see.
The peasant, wending to his toil,
Beheld them deck the leafy soil;

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They sprung around his cottage door;
He saw them on the heathy moor;
Within the forest's twilight glade,
Where the wild deer its covert made;
In the green vale remote and still,
And gleaming on the ancient hill.
The days are distant now—gone by
With the old times of minstrelsy;
When all unblest with written lore,
Were treasured up traditions hoar;
And each still lake and mountain lone,
Had a stern legend of its own;
And hall, and cot, and valley-stream,
Were hallowed by the minstrel's dream.
Then, musing in the woodland nook
Each flower was as a written book,
Recalling, by memorial quaint,
The holy deed of martyred saint;
The patient faith, which, unsubdued,
Grew mightier, tried through fire and blood.
One blossom, 'mid its leafy shade,
The virgin's purity portrayed;
And one, with cup all crimson dyed,
Spoke of a Saviour crucified;

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And rich the store of holy thought
That little forest flower brought,
Doctrine and miracle, whate'er
We draw from books, was treasured there.
Faith, in the wild woods tangled bound,
A blessed heritage had found;
And Charity and Hope were seen
In the lone isle, and wild ravine.
Then pilgrims, through the forest brown,
Slow journeying on from town to town,
Halting 'mong mosses green and dank,
Breathed each a prayer before he drank
From waters by the pathway side;
Then duly morn, and eventide,
Before those ancient crosses grey,
Now mould'ring silently away,
Aged and young devoutly bent
In simple prayer—how eloquent!
For each good gift man then possessed
Demanded blessing, and was blest.
What though in our pride's selfish mood
We hold those times as dark and rude,
Yet give we, from our wealth of mind,
More grateful feeling, or refined?

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And yield we unto Nature aught
Of loftier, or of holier thought,
Than they who gave sublimest power
To the small spring, and simple flower?

THE WATER LILIES.

There's a spring in the woods by my sunny home,
Afar from the dark sea's tossing foam;
Oh! the fall of that fountain is sweet to hear,
As a song from the shore to the sailor's ear!
And the sparkle which up to the sun it throws
Through the feathery fern and the olive boughs
And the gleam on its path as its steals away
Into deeper shade from the sultry day;
And the large Water-lilies that o'er its bed,
Their pearly leaves to the soft light spread;
These haunt me; I dream of that bright spring's flow,
I thirst for its rills like a wounded roe.

MRS. HEMANS.

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THE ALBANIAN LOVE-LETTER.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

An exquisite invention this,
Worthy of Love's most honied kiss,
This art of writing *billet-doux*
In buds, and odors, and bright hues,—
In saying all one feels and thinks,
In clever daffodils and pinks,
Uttering (as well as silence may)
The sweetest words the sweetest way:
How fit, too, for the lady's bosom,
The place where *billet-doux* repose 'em.

How charming in some rural spot,
Combining *love* with *garden* plot,
At once to cultivate one's flowers
And one's epistolary powers,
Growing one's own choice words and fancies
In orange tubs and beds of pansies;
One's sighs and passionate declarations
In odorous rhet'ric of carnations;

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Seeing how far one's stock will reach;
Taking due care one's flowers of speech
To guard from blight as well as bathos,
And watering, every day, one's pathos.

A letter comes just gathered, we
Doat on its tender brilliancy;
Inhale its delicate expression
Of balm and pea; and its confession,
Made with as sweet a maiden blush
As ever morn bedew'd in bush;
And then, when we have kissed its wit,
And heart, in water putting it,
To keep its remarks fresh, go round
Our little eloquent plot of ground;
And with delighted hands compose
Our answer, all of lily and rose,
Of tuberose and of violet,
And little darling (mignionette);
And gratitude and polyanthus,
And flowers that say, "Felt never man thus!"

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THE FLOWER GIRL.

BY MRS. CORBOLD.

Come buy, come buy my mystic flowers,
All ranged with due consideration,
And culled in fancy's fairy bowers,
To suit each age and every station.

For those who late in life would tarry,
I've *Snowdrops*, winter's children cold;
And those who seek for wealth to marry
May buy the flaunting *Marigold*.

I've *Ragwort*, *Ragged Robins*, too,
Cheap flowers for those of low condition;
For *Bachelors* I've *Buttons* blue;
And *Crown Imperials* for ambition.

For sportsmen keen, who range the lea,
I've *Pheasant's Eye*, and sprigs of *Heather*;
For courtiers with the supple knee,
I've *Parasites* and *Prince's-Feather*.

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For thin, tall fops, I keep the *Rush*,
For peasants still am *Nightshade* weeding;
For rakes, I've *Devil-in-the-Bush*,
For sighing Strephons, *Love-lies-Bleeding*.

But fairest blooms affection's hand
For constancy and worth disposes,
And gladly weaves at your command,
A wreath of *Amaranths* and *Roses*.

THE BUD OF THE ROSE.

Her mouth, which a smile,
Devoid of all guile,
Half opened to view,
Is the bud of the rose,
In the morning that blows,
Impearled with the dew.
More fragrant her breath
Than the flower-scented heath
At the dawning of day;
The lily's perfume,
The hawthorn in bloom,
Or the blossoms of May.

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FORGET ME NOT.

Blossoms more rich and rare than thou
May twine round Beauty's graceful brow
  In moods of sunny mirth;
The Rose's or the Myrtle's flower
Might more beseem her festive hour,
And give, in Pleasure's careless bower,
  To brighter fancies birth.

But in those moments, sad, yet dear,
When parting wakes Affection's tear,
  Thy stainless blossom's braid,
Whose name *forbids us to forget*,
Would be the chosen coronet
Love on the loveliest brow would set
  To crave fond Memory's aid.

When "earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"
The lov'd, lamented, we entrust,
  What flower may grace the spot
Where sleep the reliques of the dead,

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For whom the frequent tear is shed,
Like thine—which, from the grave's cold bed,
Repeats "Forget me not!"

Yet not in pensive moods alone
Thy heart-appalling name we own
To love, to friendship dear;
Were not that name with joy combin'd,
Were not thy bright blue blossoms twin'd
With hopes as bright—thou wouldst not find
An honour'd station here.

Not in our volume's opening leaf
Should flowers which only imag'd grief
A mournful emblem stand;
For unforgetting Love; whose light
Makes even sorrow's clouds look bright,
In joy and hope, with magic might,
The feeling can expand.

And therefore would we place thee here,
Symbol of hopes the heart holds dear,
In every clime and age;
Thoughts lov'd in sunshine or in gloom

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Priz'd from the cradle to the tomb,
Prompt us to wreathe thy azure bloom
To deck our opening page.

Here, then, 'mid pointed leaves of green,
Be thy cerulean blossoms seen,
To grace our garden-plot;
Nor would we prouder flowers entwine
Round Friendship's or Affection's shrine,
Than one which can recall, like thine,
The words "FORGET ME NOT!"

LOVE IN A ROSE-BUD.

A FRAGMENT.

BY COLERIDGE.

As late each flower that sweetest blows
I plucked, the garden pride;
Within the petals of a rose
A sleeping love I spied.

Around his brows a beamy wreath
Of many a lucent hue;
All purple glowed his cheek beneath,
Inebriate with dew.

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TO A DAISY.

BY WORDSWORTH.

Bright flower, whose home is every where!
A pilgrim bold in Nature's care,
And oft, the long year through, the heir
Of joy or sorrow;
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
The forest through!

And wherefore? Man is soon deprest;
A thoughtless thing who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,
Or on his reason:
But thou wouldst teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind;
A hope for times that are unkind,
And every season.

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TO A BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

BY REV. JAMES F. CLARKE.

Little firstlings of the year!
Have you come my room to cheer?
You are dry and parched, I think;
Stand within this glass and drink;
Stand beside me on the table,
'Mong my books—if I am able,
I will find a vacant space
For your bashfulness and grace;
Learned tasks and serious duty
Shall be lightened by your beauty.
Pure affection's sweetest token,
Choicest hint of love unspoken,
Friendship in your help rejoices,
Uttering her mysterious voices.
You are gifts the poor may offer—
Wealth can find not better proffer:
For you tell of tastes refined,
Thoughtful heart and spirit kind.

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Gift of gold or jewel dresses,
Ostentation's thought confesses;
Simplest mind this boon may give,
Modesty herself receive.
For lovely woman you were meant
The just and natural ornament,
Sleeping on her bosom fair,
Hiding in her raven hair,
Or, peeping out mid golden curls,
You outshine barbaric pearls;
Yet you lead no thought astray,
Feed not pride nor vain display,
Nor disturb her sisters' rest,
Waking envy in their breast.
Let the rich, with heart elate,
Pile their board with costly plate;
Richer ornaments are ours,
We will dress our home with flowers,
Yet no terror need we feel
Lest the thief break through to steal.
Ye are playthings for the child,
Gifts of love for maiden mild,
Comfort for the aged eye,
For the poor, cheap luxury.

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Though your life is but a day
Precious things, dear flowers, you say,
Telling that the Being good
Who supplies our daily food,
Deems it needful to supply
Daily food for heart and eye.
So, though your life is but a day,
We grieve not at your swift decay;
He, who smiles in your bright faces,
Sends us more to take your places;
'Tis for this ye fade so soon,
That he may renew the boon:
That kindness often may repeat
These mute messages so sweet:
That Love to plainer speech may get,
Conning oft his alphabet;
That beauty may be rain'd from heaven,
New with every morn and even,
With freshest fragrance sunrise greeting;
Therefore are ye, flowers, so fleeting.

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THE VIOLET.

Violets!—deep-blue violets!
April's loveliest coronets!
There are no flowers grow in the vale,
Kissed by the dew, wooed by the gale,—
None by the dew of the twilight wet,
So sweet as the deep-blue violet!
I do remember how sweet a breath
Came with the azure light of a wreath
That hung round the wild harp's golden chords,
Which rang to my dark-eyed lover's words.
I have seen that dear harp rolled
With gems of the East and bands of gold;
But it never was sweeter than when set
With leaves of the deep-blue violet!
And when the grave shall open for me,—
I care not how soon that time may be,—
Never a rose shall grow on that tomb,
It breathes too much of hope and of bloom;
But there be that flower's meek regret,
The bending and deep-blue violet!

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LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE SIGHT OF SOME LATE AUTUMN FLOWERS.

These few pale Autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are!
Than all that went before,
Than all the summer store,
How lovelier far!

And why? they are the last!
The last! the last! the last
Oh! by that little word
How many thoughts are stirred,
That whisper of the past!

Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers,
Ye're types of precious things;
Types of those better moments
That flit, like Life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings.

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Last hours with parting dear ones
(That time the fastest spends);
Last tears in silence shed;
Last words half uttered;
Last looks of dying friends.

Who but would fain compress
A life into a day,—
The last day spent with one
Who, ere to-morrow's sun,
Must leave us, and for aye!

O precious, precious moments,
Pale flowers; ye're types of those;
The saddest, sweetest, dearest,
Because, like those, the nearest,
To an eternal close.

Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers!
I woo your gentle breath;
I leave the summer rose
For younger, blither brows;
Tell me of change and death!

ANON

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THE HONEYSUCKLE.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

See the honeysuckle twine
Round this casement:—'tis a shrine
Where the heart doth incense give,
And the pure affections live
In the mother's gentle breast
By her smiling infant press'd.

Blessed shrine! dear, blissful home!
Source whence happiness doth come!
Round by the cheerful hearth we meet
All things beauteous—all thing sweet—
Every solace of man's life,
Mother, daughter—sister—wife!

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England, isle of free and brave,
Circled by the Atlantic wave!
Though we seek the fairest land
That the south wind ever fann'd,
Yet we cannot hope to see
Homes so holy as in thee.

As the tortoise turns its head
Towards its native ocean-bed,
Howsoever far it be
From its own beloved sea,
Thus, dear Albion, evermore
Do we turn to seek thy shore!

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'HE ROSE-BUD.

BY KEEBLE.

When Nature tries her finest touch,
  Weaving her vernal wreath,
Mark ye, how close she veils her round,
Not to be traced by sight or sound,
  Nor soiled by ruder breath!

Who ever saw the earliest rose
  First open her sweet breast?
Or, when the summer sun goes down,
The first soft star in evening's crown
  Light up her gleaming crest?

Fondly we seek the dawning bloom
  On features wan and fair—
The gazing eye no change can trace,
But look away a little space,
  Then turn, and lo! 'tis there.

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But there's a sweeter flower than e'er
  Blushed on the rosy spray—
A brighter star, a richer bloom
Than e'er did western heaven illume
  At close of summer day.

'Tis love, the last best gift of heaven;
  Love—gentle, holy, pure:
But tenderer than a dove's soft eye,
The searching sun, the open sky,
  She never could endure.

Even human love will shrink from sight
  Here in the coarse rude earth:
How then should rash intruding glance
Break in upon her sacred trance,
  Who boasts a heavenly birth?

So still and secret is her growth,
  Ever the truest heart,
Where deepest strikes her kindly root
For hope or joy, for flower or fruit,
  Least known its happy part.

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God only, and good angels, look
  Behind the blissful screen—
As when, triumphant o'er his woes,
The Son of God, by moonlight rose,
  By all but Heaven unseen:

As when the holy maid beheld
  Her risen Son and Lord:
Thought has not colors half so fair
That she to paint that hour may dare,
  In silence best adored.

The gracious Dove, that brougnt from heaven
  The earnest of our bliss,
Of many a chosen witness telling,
On many a happy vision dwelling,
  Sings not a note of this.

So, truest image of the Christ,
  Old Israel's long-lost Son,
What time, with sweet forgiving cheer,
He called his conscious brethren near,
  Would weep with them alone.

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He could not trust his melting soul
  But in his Maker's sight—
Then why should gentle hearts and true
Bare to the rude world's withering view
  Their treasures of delight?

No—let the dainty rose awhile
  Her bashful fragrance hide—
Rend not her silken veil too soon,
But leave her, in her own soft noon,
  To flourish and abide.

THE SUNFLOWER.

BY THOMPSON.

Who can unpitying see the flow'ry race
Shed by the moon their new flush'd bloom resign
Before the parching beam? so fades the face,
When fevers revel through their azure veins.
But one the lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sits, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night, and when he warm returns
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

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THE MOSS ROSE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY J. B.

THE Angel of the flowers one day,
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay;
That spirit to whom charge is given
To bathe young buds in dews of Heaven;
Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose:—
"Oh, fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found, where all is fair;
For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee!"
"Then," said the rose, with deepen'd glow,
"On me another grace bestow."
The spirit paused in silent thought:—
What grace was there the flower had not?—
'Twas but a moment—o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws;
And robed in Nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?

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MORAL OF FLOWERS.

"Not a tree,
A plant, a leaf, a blossom but contains
A folio volume. We may read, and read,
And read again, and still find something new,
Something to please, and something to instruct,
E'en in the noisome weed."—HURDIS.

FLOWERS have been, to the poets of all ages, and in all countries, a never-failing source of inspiration, and to mankind at large, "a joy, a pure delight," from the creation even to the present time; and will be so, while we have eyes to see, and hearts to understand and appreciate the blessings that are scattered around us, for, as KEATS says:—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams and health.

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And is not a Flower "a thing of beauty?"—is it not a thing of surpassing loveliness? Who can gaze on its exquisitely perfect form, its unrivalled brilliancy of hue, without a thrill of admiration, and a sensation of pleasure?—pleasure which passeth not away, but dwelleth on the memory like a pleasant perfume, that remains long after the object from whence it emanated has perished; and why is this? because of its purity, its freedom from aught that is gross and therefore perishable. None, we venture to aver, can gaze on those beautiful "alphabets of creation," those adorners of earth's bosom, unmoved, but such as have hearts utterly corrupted, and rendered impervious to every sweet and gentle impression; and even such will at times feel stirring within them at the sight, thoughts that have long slumbered, and awakened by those "silent monitors," the "still small voice of conscience" is heard, inciting them to shake off the trammels of guilt, and return to the ways of pleasantness and peace, wherein their feet once trod, when—

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"The flowers in silence seemed to breathe
Such thoughts as language could not tell."—BYRON.

We have called the flowers "silent monitors," and not unadvisedly, for many are the lessons they teach, of patient submission, meek endurance, and innocent cheerfulness under the pressure of adverse circumstances:—

"They smilingly fulfil
Their Maker's will,
All meekly bending 'neath the tempest's weight
By pride unvisited,
Though richly raimented,
As is a monarch in his robes of state."—H. G. A.

Many are the moral precepts they inculcate, bidding us admire the wisdom of their Omnipotent Creator, in their infinite variety of forms and colors, and perfect adaptation to the situations they occupy:—

"Not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of His unrivall'd pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odors, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms with which He sprinkles all the earth."—
COWPER.

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Telling us to be grateful for these abundant manifestations of His attention, not only to our actual wants and necessities, but also to our comforts and enjoyments; opening to us this source of pure and innocent gratification, in order to strengthen us against the allurements of folly, and wean our hearts from the guilty pleasures of sensuality, into which they are but too apt to be drawn:—

"God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.
He might have made enough, enough,
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

* * * *

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?—
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;
To whisper hope—to comfort man
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For whoso careth for the flowers
Will care much more for him!"—MARY HOWITT.

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Do they not also admonish us of the instability of earthly grandeur and beauty, by their fragility and shortness of duration? saying in the language of the Psalmist:—As for man, his days are as grass, as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth; for the wind passeth over it and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more." They teach us the utter foolishness of that pride, which delighteth in personal adornments and gaudy trappings; for be our dress ever so rich, the simplest flowers of the field, that neither toil nor spin, are arrayed much more sumptuously:—

"Along the sunny bank or watery mead,
Ten thousand stalks their various blossoms spread:
Peaceful and lowly, in their native soil,
They neither know to spin, nor care to toil,
Yet, with confessed magnificene, deride
Our vile attire and impotence of pride."—PRIOR.

It is thus they admonish the prosperous, the proud, the uplifted in spirit; but to the poor, the lowly, and the fallen, they are as sympathizing friends, whispering words of comfort and hope, sharing their sorrows, and thus ren-

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dering the burden easier to bear. And by making them participators in our grief, we lose that painful sense of loneliness and desolation which ever accompanies the blighting of our earthly prospects, and consequent desertion of friends, (falsely so called); our minds are insensibly drawn to the contemplation of His infinite goodness and mercy, who ordaineth all things for the best, and suffereth not a sparrow to fall to the ground, nor a hair of our heads to perish, unnoted.

We reflect on the many blessings He hath vouchsafed us, all undeserving as we are, and taught by the example of the Flowers, whose tiny hands are ever clasped in adoration, whose breath is ever exhaled as an offering of praise to the footstool of their Maker, we become resigned, nay, even cheerful, and prompted by feelings of gratitude, our thoughts involuntarily shape themselves into words of a like signification to the following:—

"O flowers that breathe of beauty's reign,
In many a tint o'er lawn and lea,
And give the cold heart once again
A dream of happier infancy;

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And even on the grave can be
A spell to weed affection's pain—
Children of Eden, who could see,
Nor own His bounty in your reign!"—
ANNETTE TURNER.

Yes! *silent* monitors though they be, they are not *voiceless*, but gifted with an eloquence divine that appeals alike to the heart and to the understanding; and would we but hearken to their preaching, our bosoms would become as well-springs of mutual piety—peace and good fellowship would prevail upon earth, and men would be no more shedders of each other's blood, and perpetrators of the blackest crimes: but, alas!

"Many in this dim world of cares,
Have sat with angels unawares."—T. K. HERVEY.

And few, very few are they, who can behold the bright countenances of heaven's messengers, and listen to their discourse with an understanding spirit, for ambition and avarice, and pride, have obscured our powers of vision, and choked up the avenues to that treasure-house

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wherein lie hid our finer sensibilities and aspirations after the only intrinsic good :—

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers,
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!"—
WORDSWORTH.

But let us tear the film from before our eyes. Let us endeavor to eradicate from our bosoms, envy, hatred, and all evil passions. Let us practise meekness and charity, and, as far as in us lies, obey those holy impulses and divine incitements, which the Maker has implanted in every human breast, and thus furnished us with the means of working out our moral improvement, if we do not ungratefully reject what is intended for our benefit :—

"There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
In every herb on which you tread,
Are written words, which rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod,
To hope, and holiness, and God."—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Let us then peruse those lessons; let us

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"read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" those "written words," so shall we profit thereby, and lay up in our hearts treasures whose value is far above that of silver and gold—more precious than jewels from Golconda's mines; treasures which neither moth nor rust may corrupt, nor thieves break in and steal.

"Flowers, the sole luxury that nature knew,
In Eden's pure and spotless garden grew,
Gay without toil, and lovely without art,
They spring to cheer the sense, and glad the human heart."

Hear this, Oh, man of many sorrows!—thou whose hopes are blighted, and on whose mind grief sits, like an incubus, repressing all cheerful thoughts, and sinking it deeper and deeper into the gulph of despair;—hear the words of one who was like thyself, a child of misfortune—"the melancholy COWLEY"—but who yet from the midst of the gloom that surrounded him, could see the beneficence of the Almighty in his works, and draw consolation therefrom. Oh, shake off thy despondency! and go forth rejoicing that—to use the words of BASIL HALL,

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—"Nature has scattered around us on every side, and for every sense, an inexhaustible profusion of beauty and sweetness, if we will but perceive it;" for—to continue the same writer —"The pleasures we derive from flowers, from musical sounds, and the forms of trees, are surely not given us in vain, and if we are constantly alive to these, we can never be in want of subjects of agreeable contemplation, and must be habitually cheerful." Yes most assuredly—

"God made the flowers to beautify
The earth, and cheer man's careful mood,
And he is happiest who hath power
To gather wisdom from a flower,
And wake his heart in every hour
To pleasant gratitude."—WORDSWORTH.

It is only in contemplations such as these, that we can hope to obtain true happiness; the feverish joys of the world are short-lived and unsatisfactory; like gilded dreams that haunt the sick man's couch, making his waking hours more painful from the contrast, they are ever mingled with alloys; it is a poisoned chalice from which we drink the enchanted potion:—

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the roses that adorn the garland of pleasure are not unaccompanied by thorns, which lacerate the brows of the wearers, and leave thereon indelible scars :—

"Alas the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay."—GOLDSMITH.

Ambition ! what is it but a splendid vision ?—a gorgeous structure built by him who rears his house upon the sands, where the waves are constantly sapping its foundation. Pride ! will pride uphold the sinking heart in the hour of affliction ? true, it will not *bend*, but it will *break ;* then woe to the poor wretch who depends on it for support. Even as a stormy ocean whose billows are ever swelling and foaming, ready to engulph those who venture on its bosom.

"I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.
To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

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Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes."—WORDSWORTH.

Oh! what a world of delightful thoughts and sensations are opened to us by these exquisite lines; how mighty are they to subdue every stormy passion, and soften the asperities of our nature; how humanizing is their influence upon the mind; again and again they recur to us, like a sweet echo, until we are melted even to tears; —the rock is smitten, and gives forth its gushing waters; the arid desert "blossoms like the rose!" We reflect on "what man has made of man," and resolve henceforward to use our utmost endeavors to relieve the load of human misery, for the creed which teaches that "every flower enjoys the air it breathes," while drawing nearer to those radiant peoplers of creation, stirs, as it were by electricity, the golden links of that sympathetic chain which binds us to our fellow men, calling forth all our kindliest feelings, and prompting us to acts of love. Yes! beautiful and radiant creatures! as ye

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are the "visible tokens of the upholding Love!" so are ye gifted with faculties and perceptions to know and understand the errand of mercy on which ye are sent, and to rejoice in being made the instruments of divine bounty and goodness. Ye participate in our joys and our sorrows, weeping tears of balm to console us in the time of adversity, and enhancing with your smiles of innocent gaiety the pleasures of our prosperous days; but of our crimes ye know nothing; in our schemes of aggrandizement or projects for the accumulation of wealth, ye take no part, for base passions and sordid desires are incompatible with the purity of your natures:—

"To me ye seem
Like creatures of a dream—
Aerial phantoms of delight;
I can but deem ye much
Too pure for mortal touch,
Ye are so very fair, so passing bright."—H. G. A.

The friendships and affections ye entertain one for another, though warm as the sunbeams wherein ye delight to bask, are of an ethereal character, and stainless as the dews by which

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ye are nourished and fed; unlike those of us mortals, too often degraded by animal impulses and unworthy motives.

"Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bathed in soft airs and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies
To fill the heart's fond view!
Relics are ye of Eden's bowers,
As soft, as fragrant, and as fair,
As those that crown'd the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there!"—KEEBLE.

Beautiful are ye, exceedingly beautiful! and numberless are the strains of deep impassioned eloquence, embodying "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," to testify of the admiration ye have excited in the breasts of those who worship that power,—

"Which tunes the lip to songs and sighs,
And makes the heart a haunted shrine."—L. E. A.

Well have the poets sung of your loveliness of your fragrance, and of your benign influence. Grave divines have made sermons on you, and expounded your holy teachings for the edification of man,—

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"Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor
Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,
Oh! may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
Your lore sublime!"—HORACE SMITH.

Learned historians, and deep-thinking philosophers, have turned them from the momentous events of passed away times, and the labors of scientific research, to admire your beauties, and speak of the moral ye convey. What says FULLER, the sententious? "A flower is the best complexioned grass, as a pearl is the best colored clay, and daily it weareth God's livery. Solomon himself is outbraved therewith, as whose gallantry only was adopted, and *on* him, their's *innate* and *in* them. In the morning (when it groweth up) it is a lesson of Divine Providence; in the evening (when it is cut down, withered) it is a lesson of human mortality." After this, who shall affirm that ye are *useless?* What advocate of utility will start up and deny the truth of the following lines?—

"Yet spite of all this eager strife,
The ceaseless play, the genuine life,

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That serves the steadfast hours,
Is in the grass beneath that grows
Unheeded, and the mute repose
Of sweetly breathing flowers."—WORDSWORTH.

Will the cold-hearted cynic smile, and will the sneering sceptic make a mockery of our words when we repeat this touching lesson?—

"God loveth all his creatures,
Doth bless them hour by hour;
Then will He not of man take heed,
Who so much beauty hath decreed
Unto the way-side flower?"—MARY HOWITT.

Perchance they may do so, but, oh! we shall love ye none the less;—none the less shall we strive to express the feelings of gratitude, and associations of pleasure, wherewith ye are so intimately blended, exclaiming:—

"O! if earth's ruined wilderness afford
So many flowers, breathing of love divine,
How gloriously that promised land must shine
That waits the followers of earth's mighty Lord!"—
MRS. RICHARDSON.

Fair spirits are ye—ministering angels!

A writer, who has drunk deeply from the well of inspiration, says:—

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"And 'tis, and ever was my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely, and all die,
Whene'er their genius bids their souls depart,
Among their kindred, in their native place.
I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
And not reproached me; the ever sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of gold."—
W. S. LANDOR.

What says JEAN PAUL RITCHER? "There are so many tender and holy emotions flying about in our inward world, which. like angels, can never assume the body of an outward act;—so many rich and lovely flowers spring up which bear no seed—that it is a happiness poetry was invented, which receives into its limbus all these incorporeal spirits, and the perfume of all these flowers." It has been our object in the foregoing pages, and will be in those which follow, to give shape and consistency to the many beautiful and holy feelings, emotions and fancies, which are drawn forth from the human heart and brain, by the sight of flowers, to be hidden amid the delicate petals, until summoned by the

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call of poesy, to issue from their hiding places, and irradiate the world of nature and imagination with their divine effluence. Well has it been asked—by whom we know not—"How can the poet better employ his genius, than in giving flowers a life as sweet, more lasting than their own!" and how, we would respond, can the moralist more faithfully perform the duties of his office, than by drawing lessons of wisdom and virtue from the most lovely objects in creation, and applying those lessons to the hearts and consciences of his fellow-creatures, endeavoring thus to make them happier and wiser?—

> "With holy awe I cull the opening flower,
> The hand of God hath made it, and where'er
> The flow'ret blooms, there God is present also."

These are the words of LADY FLORA HASTINGS, and in them we recognize a spirit akin to our own; it is good to bear about with us ever a deep sense of the presence of the Creator in His works, from the mightiest to the meanest, and to be moved to devotion and praise, not only

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by that which is grand and sublime, but also by the common and lowly.

> "O put away thy pride,
> Or be ashamed of power,
> That cannot turn aside
> The breeze that waves a flower."—J. CLARE.

Yes! "Flowers are holy things" and meet objects of our reverence as well as admiration; they claim from us both love and homage, the former for their ineffable beauty and sweetness, and the latter for inasmuch as that they are manifestations of the divine power, skill, and goodness of Him, who hath scattered them so plentifully over the face of the earth.

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THE FLOWER OF THE DESERT.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Who does not recollect the exultation of Vaillant over a flower in the torrid wastes of Africa? The affecting mention of the influence of a flower upon the mind, by Mungo Park, in a time of suffering and despondency, in the heart of the same savage country, is familiar to every one."

HOWITT'S BOOK OF THE SEASONS.

WHY art thou thus in thy beauty cast,
O lonely, loneliest flower;
Where the sound of song hath never pass'd
From human hearth or bower?

I pity thee, for thy heart of love,
For that glowing heart, that fain
Would breathe out joy with each wind to rove—
In vain, lost thing! in vain!

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I pity thee, for thy wasted bloom,
For thy glory's fleeting hour,
For the desert place, thy living tomb—
O lonely, loneliest flower!

I said—but a low voice made reply,
"Lament not for the flower!
Though its blossoms all unmark'd must die,
They have had a glorious dower.

"Though it blooms afar from the minstrel's way
And the paths where lovers tread;
Yet strength and hope, like an inborn day,
By its odors have been shed.

"Yes! dews more sweet than ever fell
O'er island of the blest,
Were shaken forth, from its purple bell,
On a suffering human breast.

"A wanderer came, as a stricken deer,
O'er the waste of burning sand,
He bore the wound of an Arab spear,
He fled from a ruthless band.

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"And dreams of home in a troubled tide
Swept o'er his darkening eye,
And he lay down by the fountain side,
In his mute despair to die.

"But his glance was caught by the desert's flower,
The precious boon of Heaven;
And sudden hope, like a vernal shower,
To his fainting heart was given.

"For the bright flower spoke of one above;
Of the presence felt to brood
With a spirit of pervading love,
O'er the wildest solitude.

"Oh! the seed was thrown those wastes among
In a bless'd and gracious hour,
For the lorn one rose in heart made strong,
By the lonely, loneliest flower!"

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THE FLOWER OF FENESTRELLA

CHARLES VERAMONT, Count de Charney, is young and possessed of boundless wealth. He outlives every enjoyment; and, literally through exhaustion of feeling, plunges into a conspiracy against Napoleon, and is imprisoned for life in the small fortress of Fenestrella. Solitude nearly drives him mad; he curses fate, life, the world—and he denies God. Suddenly a small plant springs up between two stones of the pavement; and to this plant he gives the endearing name of Picciola. He actually forms a friendship for it; and at length loves it with all the force of which that tender passion is susceptible. He by degrees learns the value of life; is awakened to the beauty of the world, and learns to acknowledge and worship God with sincere and fervent piety.—*See Mrs. Gore's* "PICCIOLA."

Dull vapors fill the joyless air,
And cold the sunbeam falls
Within the court-yard, paved and bare,
'Neath Fenestrella's walls.

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While winters upon winters roll,
There hath a captive trod;
His was that madness of the soul
Which knows not of a God.

One morn between the clefts of stone
Two leaflets burst to view;
And day by day, and one by one,
The fragile branches grew.

It grew—nor canker knew—nor blight,
'Neath sun, and storm, and shower;
A blessing to the captive's sight
It grew—a dungeon flower!

Oh, beautiful and gentle thing!
Meek offspring of the sky!
Comest thou, like a breath of spring,
To whisper and to die!

The captive marked its growth, and fel
His soul subdued to tears:
That tender thing had power to melt
The gathered frosts of years

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He who had blindly trod the maze
Of learning and of power,
Stood watching with awakened gaze
The opening of a flower!

He traced the powers of sun and dew—
The light—the breath that fanned;
And owned at length, to nature true,
His great Creator's hand.

Great God! with pure and wise design,
Still, still 'mid all we see,
Thou blendest thus some mystic sign—
Some voice which breathes of Thee!

WARD'S MISCELLANY

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree, and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all

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He might have made enough, enough,
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain-mine
Requireth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man,
Might yet have drank them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night;—

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passeth by?

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Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?—
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;

To whisper hope—to comfort man
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For whoso careth for the flowers
Will care much more for him!

TO A FLOWER.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Dawn, gentle flower,
From the morning earth!
We will gaze and wonder
At thy wondrous birth!

Bloom, gentle flower!
Lover of the light,
Sought by wind and shower,
Fondled by the night!

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Fade, gentle flower!
All thy white leaves close;
Having shown thy beauty,
Time 'tis for repose.

Die, gentle flower,
In the silent sun!
Soh—all pangs are over,
All thy tasks are done!

Day hath no more glory,
Though he soars on high
Thine is all man's story,
Live—and love—and die!

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A SONG OF THE ROSE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Rose! what dost thou here?
Bridal, royal rose?
How, 'midst grief and fear,
Canst thou thus disclose
That fervid hue of love which to thy heart-lea. glows?

Rose! too much array'd
For triumphal hours,
Look'st thou through the snade
Of these mortal bowers,
Not to disturb my soul, thou crown'd one of all flowers!

As an eagle soaring
Through a sunny sky,
As a clarion pouring
Notes of victory,
So dost *thou* kindle thoughts, for earthly life too high—

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Thoughts of rapture, flushing
Youthful poet's cheek,
Thoughts of glory rushing
Forth in song to break,
But finding the spring-tide of rapid song too weak.

Yet, oh! festal rose,
I have seen thee lying
In thy bright repose
Pillow'd with the dying,
Thy crimson by the life's quick blood was flying.

Summer, hope, and love
O'er that bed of pain,
Meet in thee, yet wove
Too, too frail a claim
In its embracing links the lovely to detain.

Smilest thou, gorgeous flower?—
O! within the spells
Of thy beauty's power
Something dimly dwells,
At variance with a world of sorrows and farewells.

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All the soul forth flowing
In that rich perfume,
All the proud life glowing
In that radiant bloom,
Have they no place but here, beneath the o'er-
shadowing tomb?

Crown'st thou but the daughters
Of our tearful race?—
Heaven's own purest waters
Well might bear the trace
Of thy consummate form, melting to softer grace.

Will that clime enfold thee
With immortal air
Shall we not behold thee
Bright and deathless there?
In spirit-lustre clothed, transcendently more
fair?

Yes! my fancy sees thee
In that light disclose,
And its dream thus frees thee
From the mist of woes,
Darkening *thine* earthly bowers, O bridal, royal
rose

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CHILDREN AND FLOWERS.

CHILDHOOD is especially the season of flowers, and hence the poets have very appropriately compared that early period of our existence tc the spring-time of the year, when,—

"There's perfume upon every wind,
Music in every tree—
Dews for the moisture-loving flowers—
Sweets for the sucking bee;
The sick come forth for the healing breeze,
The young are gathering flowers,
And life is a tale of poetry,
That is told by golden hours."—N. P. WILLIS.

It is then that flowers are to us a source of exquisite soul-thrilling delight; we revel amid them as careless and free-hearted as their own worshipper, the butterfly; inhaling their fragrance, and gazing on their beautiful tints with

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a pleasure for which we know not how to account; it is an admiration implanted in us by the Great Maker for the most lovely of His creations :—

"Go, mark the matchless workings of the power,
That shuts within the seed the future flower;
Bids these in elegance of form excel—
In colour these, and those delight the smell;
Sends nature forth, the daughter of the skies,
To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes."

COWPER.

Let the infant, peevish and fretful from suffering under one of the many disorders to which infancy is peculiarly liable, be shown a flower, and how quickly will the tears be changed to smiles; how eagerly will he endeavour to obtain it, clapping his little chubby hands, and crowing again with excess of glee; and when in possession of the prize so much coveted, how will he strive, by chuckling laughter, and broken lispings, to express his admiration, turning it round and round, and viewing it on all sides, his eyes sparkling the while, like the bubbles on a sun-lit fountain :—

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"Tis now the poetry of life to thee!
With fancies fresh and innocent as flowers,
And manners sportive as the free-wing'd air;
Thou seest a friend in every smile; thy days
Like singing birds, in gladness speed along,
And not a tear that trembles on thy lids,
But shines away, and sparkles into joy."

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

Even the universal desire manifested by children to pull flowers to pieces, we are inclined to think, arises from an impression that by so doing, they will be enabled to discover the source of such delightful sensation, and take their fill at once, as the boy in the fable is said to have destroyed the bird which laid golden eggs, in order to enrich himself with the precious store he supposed it to contain; and this impression is further confirmed by watching the earnestness with which they proceed in the work of destruction, carefully examining every petal until the whole are plucked off, and the disappointment with which they turn from the scattered fragments:—What an emblem, are those shattered flowers, of the objects of our desires in riper years; how eagerly do we

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grasp them, and what disappointment ensues to find them wither in our hands, without yielding the happiness we unreasonably expected from them;—and why? not because they are incapable of so doing, but that we, like foolish children, wishing to obtain a surfeit of sweets, enjoyed them not temperately. We are even, as the poet says,—

> "Like babes, that pluck an early bud apart
> To know the dainty colour of its heart."
>
> THOMAS HOOD.

Man! Man! thou art ever repining and discontented; but didst thou not abuse the good gifts showered around thee by a gracious Providence, how happy might'st thou be in this beautiful world, exclaiming,—

> "These are thy wonders, Lord of Love!
> To make us see we are but flowers that glide,
> Which when we once can find and prove,
> Thou hast a garden for us where to bide;
> Who would be more,
> Swelling through store,
> Forfeit their paradise by their pride."
>
> GEORGE HERBERT.

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But to return to the season of youth—to the spring-time of life—when flowers are scattered about our path, thickly as stars in the firmament of night, and we sport like lambs in the verdant meads, heedless of what the future may bring:—"Fearless, beautiful boyhood! beloved of nature, who, like a kind school-mistress, sits upon the hills, and claps her hands in joy at his pastime, giving him the earth and all its landscapes at once, for his school and playground—and then the rocks and woods re-echo his mirth; and then in thoughtful silence wandering away, the quiet nooks enclose him with their greenness, making companions of everything animate and inanimate—endowed with beauty; searching with a worshipping curiosity into every leaf and flower about his path, while the boughs bend to him and touch him with their sunshine; picking up lessons of present delight and future wisdom, by rivers' sides, by brooks, in the glens, and in the fields; inhaling, in every breath he draws, intelligence and health."—Thus, says CHRISTOPHER NORTH, that "grey-haired man of glee"—whose writings

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breathe all the freshness and sparkling vivacity of early youth—are redolent of sunshine, and fragrance, and vernal melody. Long may he live to delight the readers of MAGA with the outpourings of his joyous spirit, transporting them in fancy to the wild solitudes of his native hills; where the cares and vexations of the busy world are all forgotten, and the heart holdeth commune with the Great Invisible, purified from aught that is gross and unworthy by the blessed influence of natural piety, which teacheth man to know himself for what he is,—a worm crawling upon the face of the earth,—a grain of dust liable to be swept away by the slightest breath; yet, withal, gifted and endowed with powers and faculties, which if rightly employed, will place him but "a little lower than the angels;" where

> "The inner spirit keepeth holiday
> Like vernal ground to Sabbath sunshine left."
>
> WORDSWORTH.

And we, reflecting on the wondrous attributes wherewith the beneficent Creator hath invested

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frail mortality, exclaim, with the Prince of Denmark,—"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

But we are wandering from the path of our subject, and must crave the reader's indulgence while we retrace our steps, premising however, that it will not be the last time, by many, that we shall have occasion to do the like, being as one who walketh in a pleasant garden, where each fresh object holds out a greater temptation than the last, to make us pause and examine its beauties, until we become fairly confused by admiration, and dazzled with excess of light.

"A mother kind walks forth in the even,
She, with her little son, for pleasure given
To tread the fringed banks of an amorous flood,
That with its music courts a sylvan wood;
There ever talking to her only bliss,
That now before, and now behind her is,
She stoops for flowers, the choicest may be had,
And bringing them to please her little lad,

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Spies in his hand some baneful flower or weed,
Whereon he 'gins to smell, perchance to feed,
With a more earnest haste she runs to him
And pulls them from him."—WILLIAM BROWNE.

Who can look upon the above picture, limned by the hand of one of Britain's sweetest pastoral poets, without having the tenderest recollections awakened within him, of a parent, now perchance sleeping in the cold church-yard, or if not so, divided from him by a wide gulph of worldly cares and interests, no longer exercising a judicious control over his actions; no longer with a firm yet gentle hand, pulling from him the baneful weeds of folly, and flowers,—beautiful in appearance, and endued with fragrancy, but fraught with a subtle poison,—which pleasure scatters over the pathway of man, luring him to tarry in her voluptuous bowers, and steep his soul in sensual delights, whereafter come repentance and vain self-reproach, for precious time thus idly squandered, and opportunities irrevocably lost.

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"Oh, lovely flowers! the earth's rich diadem,
Bright resurrection from her sable tomb,
Ye are the eyes of Nature! her best gem—
With you she tints her face with living bloom,
And breathes delight in gales of rich perfume:
Emblems are ye of heaven, and heavenly joy,
And starry brilliance in a world of gloom,
Peace, innocence, and guileless infancy,
Claim sisterhood with you, and holy is the tie."—Q.

Aye! in sooth, "holy *is* the tie!" Is there one of our readers who will not subscribe to the truth of this sentiment? Is there aught so pure, so perfectly blameless in its nature, as the love we cherish in early years for all things fair and gentle, but more especially for flowers; may they find a place in our bosoms, when we become traffickers in the busy mart, and actors in the great drama of existence? Whence arises the pleasure that we ever experience at the sight of a flower, but from an association of ideas? Does not the jaded mind immediately return to drink from the untainted waters of that fount of feeling, the stream of which, since it left the emerald meads of childhood, has become turgid to the eye, and bitter to the taste?

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Well may MADAME DE GENLIS, recurring to the scenes of her early life, write thus :—" Oh, how much sweeter is it to recall to my mind the walks and sports of my happy childhood, than the pomp and splendour of the palaces I have since inhabited ! All the courts, once so brilliant, are now faded. All the projects which were then built with so much confidence, are become chimeras. The impenetrable future has cheated alike the security of princes, and the ambition of courtiers. Versailles is dropping into ruins ; the delicious gardens of Chantilly, of Villers-Coterets, of Sceaux, of Isle-Adam, are destroyed. I should now look in vain for the vestiges of that frail grandeur which I once admired there ; but I should find the banks of the Loire as smiling as ever, the meadows of St. Aubin as full of violets and lilies of the valley, and its woods loftier and fairer. There are no vicissitudes for the eternal beauties of nature ; and while, amidst blood-stained revolutions, palaces, marble columns, statues of bronze, and even cities themselves disappear, the simple

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flowers of the field, regardless of the storm, grow into beauty, and multiply for ever." Yes!

"The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,
And new-cropp'd daisies are thy treasure;
I'd gladly part with worldly pelf,
To taste again thy youthful pleasure."

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Says the first of Scotland's poetesses, addressing a child; and the Northamptonshire peasant, in his own peculiar sweet, though mournful strains, thus sings of early delights:—

"Those joys which childhood calls it own,
Would they were kin to men!
Those treasures to the world unknown,
When known, are withered then!
But hovering round her growing years,
To gild Care's sable shroud,
Their spirit through the gloom appears,
As sun behind a cloud."—JOHN CLARE.

This is but one of the many instances in which he recurs to the flowery pleasures of childhood, and he is but one of the many thousands who have recorded in golden numbers their joyful recollections of that delightful period of existence, when—

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"We tread on flowers, flowers meet our every glance,
It is the scene, the season of romance,
The very bridal of the earth and sky."

JOSIAH CONDOR.

MRS. HEMANS, in one of her letters to a friend, says: "I really think that fine passion for flowers is the only one which long sickness leaves untouched with its chilling influence. Often during this weary illness of mine, have I looked upon new books with perfect apathy, when if a friend has sent me a few flowers, my heart has leaped up to their dreamy hues and odours, with a sudden sense of *renovated childhood*, which seems to me one of the mysteries of our being." How many instances might be quoted to show the prevalence of this mysterious feeling. How often, when the frame has become worn out by disease, and while the sufferer was calmly awaiting the approach of death;—when all the joys, sorrows, hopes, and fears of mortality have faded away, even as a dream, from the memory,—the scenes and circumstances of childhood,—forgotten amid the turmoil of stormy passions and painful anxieties,—have arisen

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before him in all their pristine freshness and beauty. The soul, as it approaches more nearly to its Creator, becomes purified; the fogs and mists of prejudice and folly are swept away, and it is enabled more clearly to distinguish, and better to appreciate the value of that state of innocence, which is an antetype of the angelic. It longs to be once more as a little child, having now come to a right understanding of our Saviour's words,—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; *for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.*"

"Oh, world of sweet phantoms, how pleasant thou art!
The past is perpetual youth to the heart."—L. E. L.

Sang one who perished, like a just expanded rose on which the blight has suddenly fallen; and KEATS, the pure, the gentle-hearted, he,—

"Who grew
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,
And fed with true-love tears, instead of dew."—SHELLEY.

Was it not this feeling which prompted him, on the bed of dissolution, to exclaim, that "he felt the daisies growing over him?"

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Another poet, who passed a weary and a toilsome life,—

"Chained to the desk, the world's o'er-laboured slave,"

Thus recurs to the sweet morn of existence;—

"How beautiful
The vernal hour of life. Then pleasure wings
With lightning speed the moments, and the sun
Burns brightly, and nor cloud nor storm appears
To darken the horizon. Hope looks out
Into the dazzling sheen, and fondly talks
Of summer, and Love comes, and all the air
Rings with wild harmonies."—CARRINGTON.

Alas! that he should have found occasion to draw the veil of disappointment and regret over this bright picture.

"If people would be *wise* enough through life to derive enjoyment from such innocent pleasures as delighted them in childhood, we should find far fewer sour tempers, cold hearts, and narrow minds in the world. All, except positive idiots, are endowed by God with a portion of that beautiful poetry of existence, which in childhood is so conspicuously evident, teach-

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ing even the infant in the nurse's arms to snatch at flowers and laugh in the sunshine!" These are the words of Miss Twamley, one, whose name we cannot mention, but straightway there rise before us visions of floral loveliness, filled with all fair shapes and rainbow hues; we breathe an atmosphere of perfume, and our sense of hearing becomes so acute, that we can even distinguish, amid the grand symphony of nature, the peculiar chime of the harebells, which this lady likens to fairy music,—a symphonious peal, rung out just as twilight steals over the landscape, to summon the tiny folk to their revels, when they

> "——— Knit hands, and beat the ground
> In a light fantastic round."

But why, "oh, lady fair!" say "all, *except positive idiots?*" Have these no share, think ye, in "the poetry of existence?" Do they not love to inhale the perfume, and gaze on the forms and hues of flowers? Do they not listen with delight to the singing of birds, the gurgling of running streams, and the waving of leafy

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trees? For our part, we think that the life of an idiot, is one of perpetual childhood; that he is gifted with a double portion of simple and innocent enjoyments, to compensate for the loss of those which result from a right employment of man's intellectual and moral powers: Oh, tell us not that the idiot is deprived of a share in the "poetry of existence!" Is he not the companion of the bird, and the bee, and the butterfly? Does he not lie about in the green meads, basking in the sunshine? Does he not plait rushes by the streamlet's brim, and talk to his own image reflected on its glassy surface? Does he not hide him in flowery nooks and dingles, laughing like a very incarnation of gladness, and murmuring snatches of sweet old ballads? Even in his melancholy moods,—save during those periods when he is possessed by fears, the more terrible from their vagueness—and they are not generally of long duration,—his state seems to be that of *passive enjoyment.*

And who shall say that he is unhappy? The tears he shed flow not from disappointment

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or regret. He has no fears for the future, no ambitious longings, no unruly desires, that never can be gratified, to vex *him!* So his physical wants be attended to, what cares he how the world wags; how thrones and empires totter; how misery and vice progress; how disease and death afflict nations and individuals. Does he wish to become a king? straightway his "cone-like head" bears a regal diadem, his tattered habiliments are changed to purple robes, blazing with jewelry, and the bough he "twirls" is the sceptre, which symbolizes his command over half the globe. Does he wish?—but it were useless to pursue this subject further?—he is a poet, a philosopher,—aught which may suit the whim of the moment, yet free from the harassing cares, griefs, and anxieties, which but too often render miserable the lives of those who play such conspicuous parts in the great drama of mortality. CRABBE, who was a most faithful delineator of human life in all its phases, and under all circumstances, speaking of the inmates of the village poor-house, says—

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"The blind, the lame, and *far the happiest they!*
The moping idiot, and the madman gay."

Even amid our tears of pity for poor Ophelia, we cannot help feeling in some degree rejoiced, that her mind has become a blank, bearing no record of her former woes and sufferings, so that she can now find pleasure and amusement in twining garlands and carolling songs, as in the days of her childhood. As well might it be said because the tunes of the Æolian harp are wild and wandering, that it gives out no melody to the touch of the soft breezes, as that the mind of an idiot, which is moved by sudden impulses and gusts of passion, responds not to those holy influences, which the God of nature has scattered through the material universe, and which constitute "the poetry of existence."

There are those, who tell us, that youth is *not* the most happy period of existence;—that the sorrows of childhood, though light in comparison with those we experience in after years, are as weighty in proportion to the powers of endurance that we then possess. They say:—

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

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And our only reason for recurring with such a tenderness to the scenes and pleasures of by-gone times, is that we are ever dissatisfied with our present lot, and inclined to murmur at the decrees of Providence. But, oh, this is a vain philosophy! *Reason* may preach and moralize after this fashion, but *Feeling* denies the truth of the inference drawn. The very circumstance of our forgetfulness with regard to the griefs and troubles of childhood, proves their trifling and easily effaceable nature. Is it so with the cares and anxieties of maturity? Where is the favoured mortal who, if his bosom were laid bare, would not exhibit traces of wounds, many freshly bleeding, and scars too deep ever to be effaced? "The many ills to which the flesh is heir," when do they come most thickly upon us? not in the early days! not in the spring of life! but in the summer, and the autumn, and the winter; 'tis then the desolating tempest sweeps over the landscape, and we behold the buds of hope, and the full-blown flowers of joy, alike withered, scattered, and destroyed. This, it may be said, is a

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melancholy picture of human life; "'tis true, 'tis pity, pity 'tis, 'tis true," in the generality of cases, and where there is one, whose heart is unscathed by the burning finger of affliction, there are thousands who might exclaim, with LADY RANDOLPH :—

"Have you not sometimes seen an early flower
Open its bud, and spread its silken leaves,
To catch sweet airs, and odours to bestow;
Then by a keen blast nipt, pull in its leaves,
And though still living, die to scent and beauty?
Emblem of me; Affliction, like a storm,
Hath killed the forward blossoms of the heart."

HOME'S DOUGLAS.

Let it not be supposed by this, that we are unaware of the truth of the scripture proverb, which saith, "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," or that we would advocate the indulgence of a morbid feeling of regret for past-away pleasures. We humbly acknowledge the wisdom and justice of the Supreme Disposer of events, and firmly believe that adversity,—

"Though like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Bears yet a precious jewel in his head."—SHAKSPEARE.

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But even while acknowledging this, our thoughts *will* revert regretfully to the sweet memories of early days, and we cannot help saying to the child:—

"Linger yet upon the hour,
Of the green leaf and the flower;
Art thou happy? For thy sake
Do the birds their music make—
Birds with golden plumes, that bring
Sunshine from a distant spring,
For thine eyes the roses grow
Red as sunset, white as snow,
And the bees are gathering gold
Ere the winter hours come cold.
Flowers are colouring the wild-wood,
Art thou weary of thy childhood?
Break not its enchanted reign,—
Such, life never knows again."—L. E. L.

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THE PICTURE OF T. C. IN A PROSPECT OF FLOWERS.

BY ANDREW MARVELL.

See with what sweet simplicity
The nymph begins her golden days!
In the green grass she loves to lie,
And there, with her fair aspect, tames
The wilder flowers, and gives them names:
But only with the roses plays,
And them does tell
What colour best becomes them, and what smell.

* * * * *

Meantime whilst every verdant thing
Itself does at thy beauty charm
Reform the errors of the spring;
Make that the tulips may have share
Of sweetness, seeing they are fair;
And roses of their thorns disarm:
But most procure
That violets may a longer age endure.

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But, O young beauty of the woods,
Whom Nature courts with fruits and flowers,
Gather the flowers but spare the buds;
Lest Flora, angry at that crime,
To kill the infants in their prime,
Should quickly make the example yours,
And e'er we see
Nip, in the blossom, all our hopes in thee.

THE HYACINTH.

BY CASIMIR.

Child of the Spring, thou charming flower,
No longer in confinement lie,
Arise to light, thy form discover,
Rival the azure of the sky.

The rains are gone, the storms are o'er,
Winter retires to make thee way;
Come, then, thou sweetly blooming flower,
Come, lovely stranger, come away.

The sun is dressed in beaming smiles,
To give thy beauties to the day:
Young zephyrs wait with gentlest gales,
To fan thy bosom as they play.

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A BIRTH-DAY BALLAD.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

Thou art plucking spring roses, Genie,
And a little red rose art thou,
Thou hast unfolded to-day, Genie,
Another bright leaf, I trow;
But the roses will live and die, Genie
Many and many a time,
Ere thou hast unfolded quite, Genie—
Grown into maiden prime.

Thou art looking now at the birds, Genie,
But, oh! do not wish their wing!
That would only tempt the fowler, Genie,
Stay thou on earth and sing;
Stay in the nursing nest, Genie,
Be not soon thence beguiled,
Thou wilt ne'er find a second, Genie,
Never be twice a child.

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Thou art building towers of pebbles, Genie,
Pile them up brave and high,
And leave them to follow a bee, Genie,
As he wandereth singing by;
But if thy towers fall down, Genie,
And if the brown bee is lost,
Never weep, for thou must learn, Genie,
How soon life's schemes are crost.

Thy hand is in a bright boy's, Genie,
And he calls thee his sweet wee wife,
But let not thy little heart think, Genie,
Childhood the prophet of life;
It may be life's minstrel, Genie,
And sing sweet songs and clear,
But minstrel and prophet now, Genie,
Are not united here.

What will thy future fate be, Genie,
Alas! shall I live to see!
For thou art scarcely a sapling, Genie,
And I am a moss-grown tree!

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I am shedding life's leaves fast, Genie,
Thou art in blossom sweet;
But think of the grave betimes, Genie,
Where young and old oft meet.

THE FURZE.

Mid scatter'd foliage, pale and sere,
Thy kind flowret cheers the gloom
And offers to the waning year
The tribute of its golden bloom.

Beneath November's clouded sky,
In chill December's stormy hours,
Thy blossom meets the traveller's eye,
Gay as the buds of summer bowers.

Flower of the dark and wintry day!
Emblem of friendship! thee I hail!
Blooming when others fade away,
And brightest when their hues grow pale.

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FLORAL CEREMONIES.

" Bring, FLORA, bring thy treasures here,
The pride of all the blooming year,
And let me thence a garland frame."—SHENSTONE.

"THE worship of FLORA," says MR. PHILLIPS, "among the heathen nations, may be traced up to very early days. She was the object of religious veneration among the Phocians and the Sabines, long before the foundation of Rome; and the early Greeks worshipped her under the name of *Chloris*. The Romans instituted a festival in honor of *Flora* as early as the time of Romulus, as a kind of rejoicing at the appearance of the blossoms, which they welcomed as the harbingers of fruits. The festival games of *Floralia*, were not however regularly instituted until five hundred and six teen years after the foundation of Rome, when on consulting the celebrated books of the Sybil,

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it was ordained that the feast should be annually kept on the 28th day of April, that is four days before the calends of May." — Bounteous May!—

> "Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
> Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing,"

As *Milton* sings, but we shall have much to say of our modern "Feast of Flowers," which, doubtless, had its origin in that above spoken of, and which was introduced by the Roman conquerors into Britain.

"O! fairest of the fabled forms! that stream,
Dressed by wild Fancy, through the poet's dream,
Still may thy attributes of leaves and flowers,
Thy gardens rich, and shrub-o'ershadowed bowers,
And yellow meads, with spring's first honors bright,
The child's gay heart and frolic step invite;
And while the careless wanderer explores
The umbrageous forest or the rugged shores,
Climbs the green down or roams the broom-clad waste,
May Truth and Nature form his future taste!
Goddess! on youth's blest hours thy gifts bestow;
Bind the fair wreath on virgin Beauty's brow,
And still may Fancy's brightest flowers be wove
Round the gold chains of hymeneal love."

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

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It is thus that an English poetess apostrophizes the Goddess *Flora*, who, according to classical authority, was "married to *Zephyrus*, and received from him the privilege of presiding over flowers and enjoying perpetual youth." She was represented by *Ovid* and others as crowned with flowers, and holding in her hand the horn of plenty; perhaps we can find her portrait among our collection of poetic beauties. Ah! here it is!—

"The vision comes!—while slowly melt away
Night's hovering shades before the eastern ray,
Ere yet declines the morning's humid star,
Fair Fancy brings her; in her leafy car
Flora descends to dress the expecting earth,
Awake the germs, and call the buds to birth;
Bids each hybernacle its cell unfold,
And open silken leaves and eyes of gold.
Of forest foliage, of the firmest shade,
Enwove by magic hands, the car was made:
Oak and the maple plane without entwined,
And beech and ash the verdant concave lined
The saxifrage, that snowy flowers emboss,
Supplied the seat; and of the mural moss
The velvet footstool rose, where lightly rest
Her slender feet in cyprepedium dressed.

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The tufted rush that bears a silken crown,
The floating feathers of the thistle's down.
In tender hues of rainbow lustre dyed,
The airy texture of her robe supplied;
And wild convolvuli, yet half unblown,
Formed, with their wreathing buds, her simple zone;
Some wandering tresses of her radiant hair
Luxuriant floated on the enamored air;
The rest were by the scandix points confined,
And graced, a shining knot, her head behind—
While, as a sceptre of supreme command,
She waved the enthoxanthum in her hand."

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

We wish that our space permitted us to quote the description of the attendants of the beautiful Goddess of Flowers from the same poem, and the exquisite forms of perfumed loveliness which the earth and the waters put forth to welcome her approach, but the poet of Lusitania is waiting to tell us how,—

" Zephyr and Flora emulous conspire
To breathe their graces o'er the field's attire;
The one gives healthful freshness, one the hue
Fairer than e'er creative pencil drew.
Pale as the lovesick hopeless maid they dye
The modest violet; from the curious eye
The modest violet turns her gentle head,
And by the thorn weeps o'er her lowly bed;

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Bending beneath the tears of pearly dawn,
The snow-white lily glitters o'er the lawn;
Lo! from the bough reclines the damask rose,
And o'er the lily's milk-white bosom glows;
Fresh in the dew, far o'er the painted dales,
Each fragrant herb her sweetest scent exhales."

CAMOENS.

We must not now pause to describe how

" POMONA, fired with rival envy, views
The glaring pride of FLORA'S darling hues,"

And endeavors to outvie their beauty and fragrance with her own luscious productions, but turn to the author of "the Task."—Listen to *him!*—Oh, lady readers!—

" The spleen is seldom felt where FLORA reigns,
The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,
And sullen sadness that o'ershade, distort,
And mar the face of beauty, when no cause
For such immeasurable woe appears:
These FLORA banishes, and gives the fair
Sweet smiles, and bloom less transient than her own."

COWPER.

From the *Roman Antiquities* we learn, that "Among the Latins, a bride on her wedding-

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day was dressed in a long white robe with a purple fringe; her face was covered with a red veil, and her head was crowned with flowers. On arriving at the house of her husband, she found woolen fillets round the door-posts, which were adorned with flowers, and anointed with the fat of wolves to avert enchantment."

"I oft have seen upon a bridal day,
Full many maids clad in their best array,
In honor of the bride, come with their flaskets
Filled full of flowers; others in wicker baskets
Bring from the marish rushes to o'erspread
The ground, whereon to church the lovers tread:
Whilst that the quaintest youth of all the train
Ushers the way with many a piping strain."

WILLIAM BROWNE.

Says our old pastoral poet, in allusion to this custom, as still followed in comparatively modern times, though to us the period of which he writes may be spoken of as "long, long ago." In a similar strain sings *Drayton*, whose picturesque description of the Marriage of the Thames and Isis will be found farther on. Another of the Company of Singers of

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the Elizabethan era, makes this playful allusion in his Epithalamium :—

" Now busie maydens, strew sweet flowres,
Much like our bride in virgin state,—
Now fresh, then prest, soone dying;
The death is sweet, and must be yours,
Time goes on crutches till that date,
Birds fledged must needes be flying."
CHRISTOPHER BROOKE.

Then again, in the play of "the Two Noble Kinsmen," we find a very sweet bridal-song, beginning thus :—

" Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue;
Maiden-pinks, of odors faint,
Daisies, smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true.

" Primrose, first-born child of ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger,
With her bells dim;
Oxlips, in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Lark-heels trim.

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" All dear Nature's children sweet,
Lye 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense!
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious, or bird fair,
Be absent hence."

FLETCHER.

Even at the present day, it is quite customary with us to strew the path of the bride and bridegroom with flowers, and to offer them nose-gays as they come from church; and in Wales, as in some of our rural districts, where the primitive observances have been better preserved, wreaths and garlands are worn on such occasions, and even suspended in the place of worship itself; and to those who condemn this practice as unchristianlike, we would say in the words of *Bishop Heber*, "If this be heathenish, Heaven help the wicked! But I hope you will not suspect that I shall lend any countenance to this kind of ecclesiastical tyranny (which would forbid such rites and observances), or consent to men's consciences being burdened with restrictions foreign to the cheerful spirit of the Gospel." This was

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written in reference to the denouncement of a certain crown of flowers used in marriages, as "a device of Satan," and a desire expressed by an over-jealous professor of Christianity, to excommunicate some young persons for wearing masks, and acting in some private rustic theatricals.

As the Greeks and Romans were lavish of flowers at their weddings, so do the modern Italians delight to use them on such occasions. Here is a picture of the preparation for a wedding at Florence, drawn by a poetic pencil:—

" ——I stopped beneath the walls
Of San Mark's old cathedral halls.
I entered, and beneath the roof,
Ten thousand wax-lights burnt on high,
And incense from the censors fumed
As for some great solemnity.
The white-robed choristers were singing;
Their cheerful peals the bells were ringing;
Their deep-voiced music floated round,
As the far arches sent forth sound—
The stately organ:—and fair bands
Of younger girls, strewed with lavish hands
Violets o'er the mosaic floor;
And sang while scattering the sweet store."

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Let us now take our readers to a northern clime, where the mighty heart of Nature yet beats warmly beneath her rugged exterior, and the bright flowers open their perfumed chalices in the green valleys, heedless of the snow-covered mountains which frown upon them on every side:—to Sweden, where "from the bank of the river nearest Semb, a little fleet of gaily decorated boats is pushing off. In the principal boat sits the lady of Semb, her eyes turned with quiet enjoyment now on the beautiful scenes of Nature, now on the still more beautiful objects that are nearer to her—two happy human beings. Beside her, more like a little angel than a child, sits the little Hulda; a garland of gay flowers twined among her golden locks. But the looks of all were turned upon the bride and bridegroom; and they were, indeed, beautiful to look upon, so inwardly happy did they seem. Other boats contained the wedding guests. The men who rowed had all garlands on their yellow straw hats, and thus to the sounds of gay music they passed on to the chapel. This was a simple building,

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with no other ornament than a beautiful altar picture, and the flowers and branches of trees, with which the walls and floor were decorated in honor of the occasion." Yes!—

" 'Tis a morn for a bridal, the merry bride bell
Tolls out through the woodland that skirts the chapel.

Do you not hear it ringing? Do you not see the gay procession pass onward? and are you not aware of a delicious perfume emanating from the flowers which bestrew the way, and garlands of the merry company:—

" But other lands and other floral rites,
The thought poetic, and the pen invites."

In Eastern nations flowers and perfumes have been considered one of the indispensable enjoyments of the higher classes of society, from the remotest antiquity. From those nations the Romans appear to have borrowed this delicate refinement, and to have carried it to the utmost excess in their costly entertainments. They soon began to consider flowers as forming a very essential article in their festal preparations; and

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it is the opinion of *Baccius*, that, at their desserts, the number of their flowers far exceeded that of their fruits. The odour of flowers was thought to arouse the fainting appetite, and it certainly must have added an ethereal enjoyment to the grosser pleasures of their banqueting boards.

Flowers are not only used as a stimulus to the palate, or that two senses might be gratified at one time, but it was thought that certain plants and flowers facilitated the functions of the brain, and assisted materially to neutralize the inebriating qualities of wine. Even the warriors did not hesitate to crown themselves with flowers during their principal repast. These observations are equally applicable to the Greeks, as to the Romans.

Horace, it seems, could not sit down to his bachelor's glass of wine without his garland. This lively little ode occurs at the conclusion of his first book :—

" I tell thee, boy, that I detest
The grandeur of a Persian feast,
Not for me the Linden's rind
Shall the flowery chaplet bind.

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Then search not where the curious rose
Beyond his season loitering grows;
But beneath the mantling vine,
While I quaff the flowing wine,
The myrtle's wreath shall crown our brows,
While you shall wait and I carouse."

TRANSLATED BY FRANCIS.

"The allusion to Persia in this ode," says *Phillips*, "confirms our idea, that the taste for flowers came to Rome from the East; garlands were suspended at the gates, or in the temples, where feasts or solemn rejoicings were held, and at all places where public joy and gaiety were desired;" thus, in the play of "All for Love," *Serapim* says—

"Set before your doors
The images of all your sleeping fathers,
With laurels crowned; with laurels wreathe your posts,
And strew with flowers the pavement; let the priest
Do present sacrifice; pour out the wine,
And call the gods to join with you in gladness."

DRYDEN.

And again, in "the Distrest Mother," we find an allusion to the floral decorations which it was customary to place in the hands of victims in

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the ancient sacrifices, at which the priests also appeared crowned with flowers —

> " Thus the gay victim with fresh garlands crowned,
> Pleased with the sacred pipe's enlivening sound,
> Through gazing crowds in solemn state proceeds,
> And dressed in fatal pomp, magnificently bleeds."
>
> PHILLIPS.

"In the annual festivals of the *Terminalia*, the peasants were all crowned with garlands of flowers," says *Cicero*, and from "Irving's Antiquities," we learn that "sacrifices among the Romans were of different kinds; the place erected for offerings was called *ara* or *altare*, an altar; it was erected with leaves and grass, adorned with flowers, and bound with woolen fillets." And this author further tells us, that "in the triumphal processions of Rome the streets were strewed with flowers, and the altars smoked with incense." Let us now take a picture of one of these Roman triumphs; speaking of the Conqueror, the poet says—

> He comes, and with a port so proud,
> As if he had subdued the spacious world
> And all Sinope's streets were filled with such

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A glut of people, you would think some god
Had conquered in their cause, and them thus ranked,
That he might make his entrance on their heads!
While from the scaffolds, windows, tops of houses,
Are cast such gaudy showers of garlands down,
That e'en the crowd appear like conquerors,
And the whole city seems like one vast meadow
Set all with flowers, as a clear heaven with stars."

NATHANIEL LEE.

Here is another by a more modern hand :—

" Throughout the city joyful shouts resound,
The gates are garlanded, the columns bound
With victor laurels, while from lovely hands
Sweet flowers are showered upon the martial bands
As in glad pomp the proud processions march
Through many a fair arcade and trophied arch."

AGNES STRICKLAND.

And yet one more; it is by *T. B. Macauley;* we are still at the "Seven-hilled city" in the time of her pristine vigour, ere she had become luxurious and effeminate; hark at the *Io Triumphe* which swells upon the gale! Hark to the shouts of the multitude, and the pealing of the silver-throated trumpets! It is the feast of the twin brothers, *Castor* and *Pollux*, who won for Rome the battle of the Lake Regillus:

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"Ho, trumpets, sound a war-note!
Ho, lictors clear the way!
The knights will ride, in all their pride,
Along the streets to-day.
To-day the doors and windows
Are hung with garlands all
From Castor, in the Forum,
To Mars, without the wall.
Each knight is robed in purple,
With olive each is crowned;
A gallant war-horse under each
Paws haughtily the ground.

* * *

On ride they to the Forum,
While laurel-boughs and flowers,
From house-tops and from windows,
Fall on their crests in showers.

* * *

Unto the Great Twin Brethren,
Lo! all the people throng,
With chaplets and with offerings,
With music and with song.
While flows the Yellow River,
While stands the Sacred Hill,
The proud Ides of Quintilis
Shall have such honor still."

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.

On the subject of chaplets and garlands so

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much has been said and written, that we might fill a volume with mere quotations; by the ancients beauty and divinity were alike crowned with them—the objects of their earthly love, and of their unearthly adoration; they have equally graced the altar and the domestic hearth; the temple, the palace, and the cottage; and even down to the present day, wherever shrines and images are set up as visible manifestations of things holy and invisible, there do wreaths and garlands of flowers continue to be offered and suspended; and among those who, like ourselves, reject as sinful, or, at least quite unnecessary, all created forms and vain representations of the Deity, they are considered as the fittest ornaments for female loveliness and childish innocence; and the most beautiful objects wherewith we can regale the senses in seasons of festivity and rejoicing.

As we look upon these pictures we are transported in fancy to Arcadian fields and groves; the green valley and the sparkling rivulet are before us; the sound of the shepherd's pipe, the soft bleating of the sheep, and

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the drowsy hum of the wild-bees meets our ears. while the perfume of the thyme and other odoriferous plants and flowers steal over the senses with a soothing influence, like slumber; we dream, yet we are awake; we behold realities as though they were but phantoms—creatures of imagination. All is shadowy, indistinct, yet full of beauty and intelligence. Lo, you now, you happy-looking group of men and women, laden with bright-hued blossoms, and verdant boughs, piping and singing so merrily as they cross the plain. Let us question him who sits watching his sheep by the stream, that glides so glassly along the foot of the green hill:—

"From whence come all these shepherd swains
And lovely nymphs attired in green?"

Hark, he answers,—

"From gathering garlands on the plains
To crown our fair, the shepherds' queen."

Nearer they come, yet nearer, and now the words of their song can be distinguished:—

"Bring hither the pinke and purple columbine,
With gillyflowers·

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Bring sweet carnations, and sops in wine,
Worn of paramours.

Strew me the ground with daff-a-down-dillies,
And cowslips, and kingcups, and loved lilies.
The pretty paunce,
And the chevisaunce,
Shall match with the flower-de-luce."

M. DRAYTON.

Let us follow the singers through yon grove of myrtles into the open space beyond, where upon a grassy hillock, a throne is erected, of turf, overarched with boughs reft from the neighboring trees, and literally covered with wreaths and clusters of the fairest flowers; and lo! the queen!—

"See where she sits upon the grassie greene,
A seemly sight!
Yclad in scarlet, like a mayden queene,
And ermines white.
Upon her head a crimson coronet,
With daffodils and damask roses set:
Bay-leaves betweene,
And primroses greene
Embellish the sweete violet."—SPENCER.

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HYMN OF THE TURKISH CHILDREN.

BY MISS PARDOE.

A recent traveller in Turkey describes an interesting ceremony witnessed by her, performed at a time of excessive drought. "At dusk, the village children, walking two and two, and each carrying a bunch of wild flowers, drew near the cistern in their turn, and sang to one of the thrilling melodies of the country, a hymn of supplication."

Allah! Father! hear us;
Our souls are faint and weak:
A cloud is on our mother's brow,
A tear upon her cheek:
We fain would chase that cloud away,
And stay that sad'ning tear;
For this it is to-night we pray—
Allah! Father!—hear!

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We seek the cooling fountain,
  Alas! we seek in vain;
The cloud that crowns the mountain
  Melts not away in rain.
The stream is shrunk, which through our plain
  Once glided bright and clear;
Oh! ope the secret springs again—
  Allah! Father!—hear!

We bring thee flowers, sweet flowers,
  All withered in their prime;
No moisture glistens on their leaves,
  They sickened ere their time.
And we, like them, shall pass away,
  Ere wintry days are near;
Shouldst thou not hearken as we pray—
  Allah! Father!—hear!

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HINDOO GIRLS FLOATING THEIR TRIBUTARY OFFERINGS DOWN THE GANGES.

BY MISS LANDON.

As they passed along a sequestered river after sunset, they saw a young Hindoo girl upon the bank, whose employment seemed to them so strange, that they stopped their palanquins to observe her. She had lighted a small lamp, filled with oil of cocoa, and placing it on an earthen dish, *adorned with a wreath of flowers*, had committed it, with a trembling hand, to the stream, and was now anxiously watching its progress down the current, heedless of the gay cavalcade which had drawn up beside her. Lalla Rookh was all curiosity;—when one of her attendants, who had lived upon the banks of the Ganges, (where this ceremony is so frequent, that often in the dusk of the evening, the river is seen glittering all over with lights, like the Oton-tala, or sea of stars,) informed the princess, that it was the usual way in which the friends of those who had gone on dangerous voyages offered up vows for their safe return. If the lamp sunk immediately, the omen was disastrous; but if it went shining down the stream, and continued to burn till entirely out of sight, the return of the beloved object was considered as certain. Lalla Rookh.

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They bend above the moonlit stream
With gathered fruit and flowers
The last on which the sun has left
The earlier rosy hours.

One sends a vow to him afar—
Oh !—never can the heart
Know half the love it cherishes
Until it comes to part.

A thousand things are then recalled,
Though scarcely marked at first ;
But lingering thoughts in after hours
Betray how they were nurs'd.

Another sends a little boat
Upon its happier way ;
She knows to-morrow will restore
The eyes she loved to-day.

They bend with all the eager hopes,
The confidence of youth,
Which makes the future it believes,
And trusts itself with truth.

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And never Grecian chisel formed
Shapes of more perfect grace,
Than by the moonlit Ganges bend
Each o'er her mirrored face.

Ah! love takes many shapes; at first
It comes as flashes fly
That bear the lightning on their wings,
And then in darkness die.

But after comes a steadier light,
A long and lasting dream;
Like the full heaven which the sun
Flings down on life's dark stream.

One lingers—for she dares not trust
Her lamp upon the wave;
She knows the omen ere it come—
Her heart is its own grave.

There is a love that in the soul
Burns silent and alone,
Though all of earthly happiness,
Has long, too long been flown.

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But like the lotus, whose soft depths
Receive the morning sun;
The true fond flower still looks to heaven,
Though light and day are done.

And she, amid her gladder friends,
Seems pensive on the strand;
And keeps her fairy bark unlaunched
Beside her trembling hand.

Why should she send her fairy freight
To question future pain?
She knows her utter misery—
She loves, and loves in vain

I pray his pardon—he who traced
The graceful forms I see;
Oh, magic painter to thy skill
The spirit yields its key.

The treasures of these distant lands
Are given to thy will;
But thou hast yet a dearer charm
The heart obeys thee still.

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After the feast of Whitsuntide, says Von Teitz, the young Russian maidens seek the banks of the Neva, and fling in its waters wreaths of flowers. These are tokens of affection to absent friends. Our own modern Anacreon thus addresses the river in which *his* suppositious wreaths are cast:—

Flow on, thou shining river,
But ere thou reach the sea,
Seek Ella's bow'r and give her
The wreaths I fling o'er thee:
And tell her thus:—If she'll be mine
The current of our lives shall be,
With joys along their course to shine
Like those sweet flowers on thee.

But if in wandering thither,
Thou find she mocks thy pray'r,
Then leave those wreaths to wither
Upon the cold bank there.
And tell her thus:—When youth is o'er
Her lone and loveless charms shall be
Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
Like those sweet flowers from thee!

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FUNERAL FLOWERS.

"FLOWERS, wherefore do ye bloom?
——— We strew the pathway to the tomb!"
J. MONTGOMERY.

"Here is the mother with her sons and daughters:
The barren wife, the long demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smiled like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand:
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropped like a rose before 'tis fully blown
Or half its worth disclosed.—BLAIR'S GRAVE.

"Pleasant," says the Gaelic bard, "is the joy of grief! it is like the shower of spring, when it softens the branch of the oak, and the young leaf lifts its green head." In the perusal of many, indeed, we believe most, of the poems which follow, the real mourner may, without indulging a morbid spirit of repining, find comfort and consolation; and for those yet unvisited by sorrow—the gay and the thought-

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less—it is good to be sometimes reminded of Death, and the Grave; not to fill them with gloomy thoughts and forebodings, but to lead them to the contemplation of higher and more lasting enjoyments than this life affords. A *memento mori* is not necessarily sad and forbidding, nor is the dirge-note always a fearful sound, for to the mind rightly trained and constituted, they speak of a blissful hereafter, and a glorified existence, for which this is but a state of preparation. Knowing and *feeling* this, we may stand in the church-yard without awe or dread, and looking through Death's open portals, into the regions of everlasting happiness beyond, exclaim :—

"The first tabernacle to HOPE we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
The second to FAITH, which ensures it fulfilled;
And the third to the LAMB of the great SACRIFICE,
Who bequeathed us them both when He rose to the skies."
HERBERT KNOWLES.

Let us ever remember, with EPHON, that "the flower sheds the same fragrance if it blooms in Eden or on a grave, and the same

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song which awakes the lark at morn may lull the dying at evening to repose;" and also that—

> "The sweetest flower in pleasure's path
> Will bloom on sorrow's grave."—JOHN CLARE.

This life is uncertain, and full of vicissitudes; its pleasures are short-lived and fleeting. Change is the element in which we move, breathe, and have our being, and no one can tell how soon the vital spark may be quenched within him—how soon sorrow may fall upon him, though he be now full of health, and life, and happiness. Therefore it is well to contemplate the tomb, and to be ever prepared for the life that is to come. The poet asks:—

> "Beauteous flowers, why do ye spread
> Upon the monuments of the dead?"—COWLEY.

And we may answer, that we place them there as emblems of the frailty of human existence, and of the evanescent nature of its brightest enjoyments; they also serve to remind us of that better land, whither we hope the souls of the departed are gone.

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It was not in their sports only, that the Greeks were so lavish of flowers; they crowned their dead with them, and the mourners wore them, in their funeral ceremonies. That they also planted them on the graves of the departed, or at least, deemed it pleasant and fitting that they should be there, we may learn from this passage of one of their great dramatists. In the "Agamemnon," the chorus, lamenting over Alcestis, says:—

"Oh, lightly on thy hallowed grave
Lie the green turf, the flow'ret wave."—ÆSCHYLUS.

Indeed, flowers seem to have been to this tasteful people, a sort of poetic language, whereby they expressed the intensity of feelings to which they found common language inadequate.

A modern poetess, who has caught, and finely transfused into our language, the spirit of antique song, thus makes a Grecian mother lament the loss of her son, supposed to have perished at sea:—

"Where art thou—where?—Had I but lingering prest
On thy cold lips the last, long kiss,—but smoothed
The parted ringlets of thy shining hair

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With love's fond touch, my heart's cry had been stilled
Into a voiceless grief;—I would have strewed
With all the pale flowers of the vernal woods,—
White violets, and the mournful hyacinth,
And frail anemone, thy marble brow,
In slumber beautiful!—I would have heaped
Sweet boughs and precious odours on thy pyre,
And with thine own shorn tresses hung thine urn,
And many a garland of the pallid rose—
But thou liest far away!—No funeral chaunt,
Save the wild mourning of the wave, is thine;—
No pyre, save haply some long buried wreck;—
Thou that wer fairest—thou that wert most loved!"

MRS. HEMANS.

Reference is here made to the funeral pyre, which it seems the Greeks were wont to deck and garland with flowers, and render odorous with spices and other fragrant things. It was not unusual for a statue, called the Funeral Genius, to be placed in the groves, wherein were deposited the ashes of the departed. To one of these our authoress has written an address, from which we quote:—

"Flowers are upon thy brow, for so the dead
Were crowned of old, with pale spring flowers like these;
Sleep on, thine eye hath sunk, yet softly shed,
As from the wing of some faint southern breeze;

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And the pine boughs o'ershadow thee with gloom
Which of the grove seems breathing—not the tomb.
HEMANS.

Let us now turn to the Romans, who imitated, and even went beyond the people last alluded to, in most of their luxuries and refinements; we have already had occasion to show how lavish these were of flowers in their festivals and religious rites; we will now speak of those which relate to the memory and sepulture of the dead. OWEN has thus translated an apostrophe from the Latin:—

"May gentlest earth our fathers' shades enclose,
Light be their turf, and peaceful their repose;
Forth, from their urns, the breathing crocus fling,
The balmy sweets of an eternal spring!
Who willed that to the tutor should be showed
The filial reverence to a parent owed."

And DRYDEN has given us, in the following words, a noble version of that portion of Anchises' speech to his son, in which he alludes to bestrewing the funeral pile of Marcellus with flowers:—

"Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
Mixed with the purple roses of the spring;

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Let me with fun'ral flowers his body strow;
This gift which parents to their children owe,
This unavailing gift, at least, I may bestow!"
VIRGIL.

From these two extracts we may gather, that it was considered a duty incumbent on children, to deck with flowers the bodies and places of sepulture of their parents, and also on them to pay similar honours to those of their offspring. In the same poem as that from which the last quotation was taken, we have these lines:—

"The fatal pile they rear
Within the secret court, exposed in air.
The cloven holms and pines are heaped on high;
And garlands in the hollow spaces lie.
Sad cypress, vervain, yew, compose the wreath,
And every baleful flower denoting death."—VIRGIL.

This was to be the place of destruction, by fire, of the self-immolated queen Dido, and we are here strongly reminded of the Hindoo custom of burning widows on the funeral pyre of their husbands. The poet says:—

"The widowed Indian, when her lord expires,
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the fun'ral fires."
CAMPBELL.

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And Diodorus tells how she goes "*crowned* by the women of her house," meaning, no doubt, crowned with flowers.

When a woman in Tripoli dies, a large bouquet of fresh flowers, if they can be procured, if not, of artificial, is fastened at the head of her coffin. Upon the death of a Moorish lady of quality, every place is filled with fresh flowers and burning perfumes: at the head of the corpse is placed a large bouquet, partly artificial, and partly natural, and richly ornamented with silver. Tully, who describes these customs, mentions a lady of high rank, who regularly visited the tomb of her daughter, who had been three years dead; she always kept it in repair, and with the exception of the great mosque, it was one of the grandest buildings in Tripoli. From the time of the young lady's death, the tomb had always been supplied with the most expensive flowers, placed in beautiful vases; and, in addition to these, a great quantity of fresh Arabian jessamine blossoms, threaded on thin slips of the palm leaf, were hung in festoons and tassels about this revered sepulchre. The

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mausoleum of the royal family, which is called *Turbor*, is of the purest white marble, and is filled with an immense quantity of fresh flowers; most of the tombs being dressed with festoons of the Arabian jessamine, and large branches of variegated flowers, consisting of orange, myrtle, red and white roses, etc. They afford a perfume which those who are not habituated to such choice flowers can scarcely conceive. We may imagine the bereaved mother, above spoken of, addressing the shade of the departed in words like those by PAUL THE SILENTIARY:—

"Sweet maid, thy parents fondly thought
To show thy bride-bed, not thy bier.;
But thou hast left a being, fraught
With wiles, and toils, and anxious fear.
For me remains a journey drear,
For thee a blessed eternal prime,
Untiring, in thy short career,
Youth's blossom with the fruit of time."

TRANSLATED BY BRAND.

Like those of the modern Turks, the magnificent mausoleums of the Persian and Mogul emperors and kings, and those which they erected to perpetuate the memory of some of

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their favourite wives, were surrounded with beautiful gardens, and the representation of flowers in gems, and costly marbles, enriched the gorgeous interiors of these "sculptured tombs of Hindoostan."

In CHATEAUBRIAND'S delightful romance, called after its heroine, ATALA, with which most of our readers must be acquainted, we have these allusions to the funeral customs of some of the tribes of North America: "We passed near the tomb of a child, which served as a boundary to two nations. It was placed near the public road, according to custom, that virgins, in going to the fountain, might breathe, and receive into their bosoms the soul of the little innocent, and restore it to their country.

"We then saw newly married brides, who, desiring the joys of maternity, sought among the flowers the soul of the infant, which they imagined to be hovering around. At last came the mother, and placing a bunch of maize and lilies upon the grave, she seated herself upon the turf. and thus addressed her departed child:—

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"'Why should I deplore thy early grave, oh! my first-born? When the newly fledged bird first seeks his food, he finds many bitter grains. Thou never felt the pangs of sorrow, and thy heart was never polluted by the poisonous breath of men. The rose that is nipped in the bud, dies enclosed with all its perfumes, like thee, my son, with all thy innocence. Happy are those who die in infancy; they have never known the joys or sorrows of a mother.'"

How touchingly expressed is this chastened sorrow of the Indian matron: we cannot refrain from giving, as a companion to her apostrophe, the following beautiful epitaph on a child:—

"Here she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood;
Who so soon fell fast asleep
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her *strewings*, but not stir
The earth that lightly covers her."

ROBERT HERRICK.

In reference to the superstition, regarding the supposed existence of the soul of a departed

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infant in the flowers, we quote this passage from the work above referred to:—"I gathered a rose from a magnolia, and placed it, yet moist with the dew, upon the head of Atala, who still slept. I hoped that, according to my religion, the soul of some new-born infant would descend on the crystal dew of this flower, and that a prosperous dream would convey it to the bosom of my beloved." Stay! we have another floral epitaph, which, as it relates to a child, we should like to quote in this place; it is from a country church-yard in Ireland:—

"A little spirit slumbers here,
Who to one heart was ever dear.
Oh! he was more than life or light,
Its thought by day—its dream by night.
The chill winds came; the young flower faded,
And died; the grave its sweetness shaded.
Fair boy! thou shouldst have wept for me,
Not I have had to mourn for thee;
Yet not long shall my sorrowing be—
These roses I have planted round,
To deck thy dear, sad, sacred ground,
When spring gales next these roses wave,
They'll blush upon thy mother's grave."

Let us now return to ATALA—alas! she died!

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and exquisitely pictured is the scene of watching over her, previous to interment:—"The pious anchorite ceased not to pray during the whole night. I sat in silence on the top of Atala's funeral couch: how often had I supported her sleeping head upon my knees, and how often had I bent over her beauteous form, listening to her, and inhaling her perfumed breath; but now no soft murmur issued from her motionless bosom, and it was in vain that I waited for my beloved to awake. The moon supplied her pale light to the funeral eve; she rose at midnight as a fair virgin that weeps over the bier of a departed friend; it covered the whole scene with a deep melancholy, displaying the aged oaks and flowing rivers. From time to time the cenobite plunged a bunch of flowers into consecrated water, and bathed the couch of death with the heavenly dew, repeating, in a solemn voice, some verses from an ancient poet called Job:—

"He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

"Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery? and life unto the bitter of soul?"

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"Atala lay stretched upon a couch of sensitive plants; her feet, head, and shoulders, were uncovered, and her hair was adorned with a flower of a magnolia, it was the same flower which I had placed upon the maiden's head."

"Thus have I seen a rose with rising morn,
Unfold its glowing bloom, sweet to the smell,
And lovely to the eye, when a keen wind
Hath torn its blushing leaves, and laid it low,
Stripped of its sweets."—MICHAEL BRUCE.

These lines may well apply to the gentle and lovely being who was laid at rest in the depths of the Indian forest; and in allusion to the burial places of whose countrymen, CHATEAUBRIAND thus writes:—"I have seen memorable monuments to Crassus and to Cæsar, but I prefer the airy tombs of the Indians, those mausoleums of flowers and verdure, refreshed by the morning dew; embalmed and waved by the breeze on the same branch where the blackbird builds his nest, and utters forth his plaintive melody."

But let us leave the mighty forests and far sweeping rivers of the West, and come to our

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own country, first giving a look into the Grecian Archipelago, to see if we can trace any remains of the floral customs of the ancient dwellers in those "rocky islands of the Ægean sea." Hush! tread softly through the "dusky corridor," and look into that dimly-lighted room; what see we there? 'Tis the Corsair's bride—poor Medora!—stretched lifeless on the bier:—

"In life itself she was so still and fair,
That death with gentler aspect withered there;
And the cold flowers her colder hand contained,
In that last grasp so tenderly were strained,
As if she scarcely felt, but feigned a sleep,
And made it almost mockery to weep."—BYRON.

In the Levant, then, we are told, by him who drew this picture—it is still the custom to strew flowers on the bodies of the dead, and in the hands of young persons to place a nosegay. Can we not find a dirge for this heart-broken lady? Aye, here it is, very sweet and appropriate:—

"Weep not, weep not, she is dead,
Cold and dreamless now she lyeth
Where the damp dull clay is spread,
And the death-worm sigheth.

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"Lay a white rose on her breast,
Pied violets dim, and cypress sere,
That the scent of flowers may rest
In her wintry sepulchre."—EPHON.

In France—*La Belle France!*—the land of the Troubadour and Minnesinger, they, perhaps more than any other nation of modern times, cherish the memory of the dead, by ornamenting their places of sepulture with the finest flowers, often renewing the garlands, and replacing such plants as decay with vigorous and costly ones; this is especially the case in the South of France, where the custom is of very ancient date, of expressing both love and hatred for the dead; the first by rearing only the most beautiful and sweet-scented flowers on the grave; and the latter, by sowing around the seeds of such plants as were, for some reason or other, regarded as obnoxious. Let us illustrate our meaning by a picture, contrasting the two graves of the loved and the hated—the betrayer and the betrayed:—

"Wild are the tales which of that grave are told:—
Around it grows each rank and noxious weed;—
The poisonous toad-stool in that corner thrives;—

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There shrieks the night-bird from the blasted yew,
Which doth exclude the gladdening light of Heaven.
By all unhallowed things that spot is banned;
The path which erst lay near it is o'ergrown;—
No one could pass that fearful grave at night!

"And Ella lies where yonder blushing rose
And jessamine enclasp that simple tomb;—
That spot the setting sun delights to kiss;
And there the moonbeams shed their softest smile;
The daisy and the cowslip shine around;
And on each May-day morn, upon that stone
Is seen a beauteous wreath of fairest flowers."—S. T. L

In Switzerland, also, as well as in Wales, and some other parts of Britain, flowers are planted by the hand of affection on the graves of departed relatives. It is a touching and beautiful custom, and in both the above-named countries, even the peasant may often be seen bending over the hallowed turf, and as he inserts into the sod some new plant or flower, he performs the act, which testifies of his affectionate remembrance, with a feeling and a delicacy which do honour to his unsophisticated heart. In Glamorganshire, it is yet a custom to strew the bed whereon a corpse rests, with fragrant

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flowers. So, in the South of England, a chaplet of white roses is borne before the corpse of a maiden by a young girl, nearest in age and resemblance to the deceased, and afterwards hung up over her accustomed seat at church. They are emblematical, says WASHINGTON IRVING, of purity and the crown of glory, which she has received in heaven:—

"A garland shall be formed
By art and nature's skill,
Of sundry colored flowers
In token of good-will,—
The blessed crown of glory,
And the hopes which us do fill."

Many and very beautiful are the allusions made to this custom by our old poets and dramatists; we shall only have space to quote a few of them from the prince of song and master of the passions:—

QUEEN.—"Sweets to the sweet Farewell!
(*Scattering flowers.*)
I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not t' have strew'd thy grave.—HAMLET, ACT V.

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In this burial scene of poor Ophelia, we find the priest saying :—

"—— Here she is allowed her virgin rites,
Her maiden strewments."

Some editions have it "her virgin *crants*," that is, garlands. Her brother, Laertes, says :—

"————Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring."

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LINES.

BY M. A. BROWNE.

"Do not pluck the flowers, they are sacred to the dead."

An inscription, similar to the foregoing, is seen in many parts of the Roman Catholic Burial Ground, Botanic Gardens, Cork.

Oh! spare the flowers, the fair young flowers,
The free glad gift the summer brings;
Bright children of the sun and showers,
Here do they rise, earth's offerings.
Rich be the dew upon you shed
Green be the bough that o'er you waves,
Weariless watchers by the dead,
Unblenching dwellers 'midst the graves!

Oh! spare the flowers! their sweet perfume,
Upon the wandering zephyr cast,
And lingering o'er the lowly tomb,
Is like the memory of the past

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They flourish freshly, though beneath
Lie the dark dust and creeping worm,
They speak of Hope, they speak of Faith;
They smile, like rainbows thro' the storm.

Pluck not the flowers—the sacred flowers!
Go where the garden's treasures spread,
Where strange bright blossoms deck the bowers,
And spicy trees their odors shed.
There pluck, if thou delight'st, indeed,
To shorten life so brief as theirs,
But here the admonition heed—
A blessing on the hand that spares!

Pluck not the flowers! In days gone by
A beautiful belief was felt,
That fairy spirits of the sky
Amidst the trembling blossoms dwelt.
Perhaps the dead have many a guest,
Holier than any that are ours,
Perhaps their guardian angels rest
Enshrined amidst the gentle flowers.

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Hast thou no loved one lying low,
No broken reed of earthly trust?
Hast thou not felt the bitter woe
With which we render dust to dust?
Thou hast! and in one cherished spot,
Unseen, unknown to earthly eyes,
Within their heart, the unforgot
Entombed in silent beauty lies.

Memory and Faith, and Love so deep.
No earthly storm can reach it more—
Affection that hath ceased to weep,
These flourish in thy bosom's core.
Spare then the flowers! With gentle tread
Draw near, remembering what thou art,
For blossoms sacred to the dead,
Are ever springing in thy heart

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MRS. HEMANS AND L. E. L.

"A touching and graceful compliment was once paid to L. E. L. It was a tribute from America, sent from the far-off banks of the Ohio—a curious species of the Michigan rose, accompanied by a prayer that she would plant it on the grave of Mrs. Hemans. To no hand could it have been more appropriately transmitted, than to the hand which wrote so reverently and rapturously of that gifted woman."—LIFE AND LITERARY REMAINS OF L. E. L.

The author of the above work, LAMAN BLANCHARD, in the introduction, mentions a very beautiful expression of L. E. L., when writing of a great author, lately dead:—"I almost fear to praise such a man; but comfort myself with thinking that though few can raise the carved marble over a great author's remains, all may *throw a flower on his grave.*" How touchingly beautiful are L. E. L.'s Stanzas on the Death of Mrs. Hemans; well may she repeat from this lamented authoress' "Lays of Many Lands,"—"*The rose, the glorious rose, is gone,*" and continue:—

"Bring flowers to crown the cup and lute—
Bring flowers—the bride is near;
Bring flowers to soothe the captive's cell,
Bring flowers to strew the bier!

Bring flowers! thus said the lovely song;
And shall they not be brought
To her who linked the offering
With feeling and with thought?

"Bring flowers—the perfumed and the pure—
Those with the morning dew,
A sigh on every fragrant leaf,
A tear on every hue.
So pure, so sweet, thy life has been,
So filling earth and air
With odors, and with loveliness,
Till common scenes grow fair."

THE WEDDING WAKE.

BY GEORGE DARLEY.

We'll carry her o'er the churchyard green,
Down by the willow trees;
We'll bury her by herself between
Two sister cypresses.

Flowers of the sweetest, saddest hue,
Shall deck her lowly bed,
Rosemary at her feet we'll strew,
And violets at her head

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The pale rose, the dim azure-bell,
And that lamenting flower,
With ai! ai! its eternal knell,
Shall over-bloom her bower—

Her cypress bower; whose shade beneath
Passionless she shall lie;
To rest so calm, so sweet in death,
'Twere no great ill to die!

Ye four fair maids, the fairest ye,
Be ye the flower-strewers!
Ye four bright youths the bearers be,
Ye were her fondest wooers!

To church! to church! ungallant youth,
Carry your willing bride!
So pale he looks! 'twere well, in sooth,
He should lie by her side!

The bed is laid, the toll is done,
The ready priest doth stand;
Come, let the flowers be strown, be strown,
Strike up ye bridal band!

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THE DYING BOY TO THE SLOE BLOSSOM

BY E. ELLIOTT.

Before thy leaves thou com'st once more,
White blossom of the sloe!
Thy leaves will come as heretofore;
But this poor heart, its troubles o'er,
Will then lie low.

A month at least before thy time
Thou com'st, pale flower, to me;
For well thou know'st the frosty rime
Will blast me ere my vernal prime,
No more to be.

Why here in winter? No storm lours
O'er nature's silent shroud!
But blithe larks meet the sunny showers,
High o'er the doom'd untimely flowers
In beauty bow'd.

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Sweet violets in the budding grove
Peep where the glad waves run;
The wren below, the thrush above,
Of bright to-morrow's joy and love
Sing to the sun.

And where the rose-leaf, ever bold,
Hears bees chant hymns to God,
The breeze-bowed palm, moss'd o'er with gold,
Smiles o'er the well in summer cold,
And daisied sod.

But thou, pale blossom, thou art come,
And flowers in winter blow,
To tell me that the worm makes room
For me, her brother, in the tomb,
And thinks me slow.

For as the rainbow of the dawn
Foretells an eve of tears,
A sunbeam on the sadden'd lawn
I smile, and weep to be withdrawn
In early years.

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Thy leaves will come! but songful spring
Will see no leaf of mine:
Her bells will ring, her bridemaids sing,
When my young leaves are withering
Where no suns shine.

Oh, might I breathe morn's dewy breath
When June's sweet Sabbaths chime!
But, thine before my time, oh, death!
I go where no flow'r blossometh,
Before my time.

Even as the blushes of the morn
Vanish, and long ere noon
The dew-drop dieth on the thorn,
So fair I bloom'd; and was I born
To die as soon?

To love my mother, and to die—
To perish in my bloom!
Is this my sad, brief history!—
A tear dropp'd from a mother's eye
Into the tomb.

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He lived and loved—will sorrow say—
By early sorrows tried;
He smiled, he sigh'd, he pass'd away;
His life was but an April day,—
He loved, and died!

My mother smiles, then turns away,
But turns away to weep;
They whisper round me—what they say
I need not hear, for in the clay
I soon must sleep.

O, love is sorrow! sad it is
To be both tried and true;
I ever trembled in my bliss:
Now there are farewells in a kiss,—
They sigh adieu.

But woodbines flaunt when blue bells fade,
Where Don reflects the skies;
And many a youth in Shirecliffs' shade
Will ramble where my boyhood play'd;
Though Alfred dies.

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Then panting woods the breeze will feel
And bowers, as heretofore,
Beneath their load of roses reel;
But I through woodbine lanes shall steal
No more, no more.

Well, lay me by my brother's side,
Where late we stood and wept;
For I was stricken when he died,—
I felt the arrow as he sigh'd
His last, and slept.

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WILD FLOWERS.

"WILD FLOWERS seem to me the true philanthropists of their race. Their generous and cheerful faces ever give a kindly greeting to the troops of merry village children who revel in their blossoming wealth; and right welcome are they gladdening the eyes of the poor mechanic, when he breathes the fresh country air on Sunday, and gathers a handful of cowslips or daffodils, or the prouder foxglove, to carry home, and set in the dim window of his pent-up dwelling. So dear and beautiful are WILD FLOWERS, that one would think every one *must* love them."

MISS TWAMLEY.

Aye, must love them indeed, Lady! well might BURNS pause with his plough, to lament over the daisy which he had destroyed; well might WORDSWORTH pen, I know not how many stanzas, to the same simple flower, and to the golden celandine; and well might another child of song exclaim:—

"Oh! I'll never envy riches, though toilin' at the plough,
There's *flowers* alang the peasant's path, *e'en kings might stoop to pu'*."—G. W.

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The primrose and the violet, the cowslip and the daffodil, and all the sweet dwellers in the green lanes, and the shady woods, and the sunny meadows, have ever been the especial favorites, not only of those, who being denied access to the conservatory and the parterre, are not brought into contact with the more richly tinted and gorgeous productions of foreign climes, but also of the whole race of poets, many of whom are surrounded with these splendid exotics, in their dwellings, and every day walks; and most, or all of whom, enjoy frequent opportunities of observing and admiring them; and yet for poems in praise of the geranium and the cactus, we might search in vain; while for those which celebrate the "wildings of nature," have we not enough to fill volumes? Aye! volumes fraught with beauty and fragrance, of which this is but a foretaste and a specimen.

Not only with vine leaves and ears of corn
Is nature dress'd, but 'neath the feet of man,
As at a sovereign's feet, she scatters flowers,
And sweet and *useless* plants, which, born to please,
Disdain to serve."—MADAME DE STAEL.

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We have italicised two words in this quotation, because we do not like them. It is our creed and belief that nothing which God has created is *useless*; we may not perceive its applicability to any known purpose, but we are not therefore to conclude that it is of no service—that it performs no important function in the great scheme of universal being our greatest living poet says:—

"Small service is true service while it lasts,
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun."

We are but too apt to look upon part of the vegetation with which the earth is covered—"clothed as with a garment of beauty"—as worthless and contemptible, especially when there are no blossoms, which with their tint or perfume, afford gratification to the senses; and to pass by "common weeds" as vile things, not simply useless, but mischievous:—

"Scorn not those rude, unlovely things,
All cultureless that grow,
And rank o'er woods, and wilds, and springs,
Their vain luxuriance throw.

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"Eternal love and wisdom drew
The plan of earth and skies;
And He the span of heaven that threw,
Commands the weeds to rise.

"Then think not nature's scheme sublime
These common things might spare;—
For science may detect in time
A thousand virtues there."—J. F. SMITH.

Daily more and more are the mysteries of nature unfolded to us; daily more and more are her "Hidden Uses" made manifest.

It is in no irreverent spirit that we venture to quote the command which came to the apostle Peter from heaven, with a slight alteration, to suit our purpose. "What God has *created*, that call thou not *useless*," for nothing is there which may not be made applicable to satisfy our bodily or mental wants; if it contribute not, directly or indirectly, to our sustenance, or comfort, or relief in sickness, yet will it yield moral instruction, or intellectual pleasure, and therefore is it truly *serviceable* to us.

"To whisper hope—to comfort man—
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For whoso careth for the flowers
Will care much more for him."

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And this is the *moral* which may be drawn from the meanest weed, or blade, or leaf, on which we gaze. We have not the original to refer to, but cannot help thinking that *useless* was not exactly the word to express MADAME DE STAEL'S meaning, as she says directly after, "which, born to please," and this negatives the idea of their being *useless*, as it implies an *end* and a *purpose*, which they are to answer, though not, perhaps, the highest.

And now for the second count in the indictment—the other objectionable word—which is also open to the suspicion of being a mistranslation; that flowers *disdain* to *serve*, we strongly deny. Of all the creatures and objects which minister to man's wants, or pleasures, they are the gentlest, the most unresisting; he may crush them, trample on them, do with them as he will, yet there they are, ever smiling up in his face, yielding him their fragrance, their nutriment, their alleviation for bodily pain, and mental disquietude:—

"Oh! tell me not the gentle flowers
Disdain to *serve* mankind,—

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To renovate the sinking powers,
To soothe the troubled mind,
When gloomily the welkin lowers,
And fortune is unkind;

"They comfort man in his distress,
They smile when he is gay;
Their fragrance and their loveliness,
They yield him day by day;
For patience and for humbleness.
No servitors like they."—H. G. A.

They are pulled and scattered to the four winds, by the hand of careless childhood, yet ever do they spring up again for his delight and gladness; they are gathered alike by the soft white hand of beauty, and the toil-hardened one of industry, unrepining they breathe out their fragrant lives on the bosom of the former, and borne by the latter into the crowded city, they strive to beautify and perfume his hot and murky dwelling-place. Here is a picture of them thus striving:—

'A broken flower-pot, with a string secured,
Contained a living treasure—a green clump—
(Just bursting into bloom) of the field orchis.
'You care for flowers,' I said, 'and that fair thing,
The beautiful orchis, seems to flourish well
With little light and air.'

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'It won't for long,'
The man made answer, with a mournful smile,
Eyeing the plant—'I took it up, poor thing!
But Sunday evening last, from the rich meadow,
Where thousands bloom so gay, and brought it here,
To smell of the green fields for a few days,
Till Sunday comes again—and rest mine eyes on,
When I look up, fatigued, from these dead gems
And yellow glittering gold.'"—MISS BOWLES.

The man was a working jeweller, and could estimate rightly the great value of the precious ore, and glittering gems, entrusted to him; and yet more highly did he prize the simple Wild Flower, which reminded him of his rarely enjoyed country walks, and brought something of the freshness and beauty of nature into his home and his heart; pleasant associations were mingled with the sight of that flower, and it cheered and refreshed him at his labor, to look upon it, and to think:—

"Thus, when within my sunless room,
Heartsick, and mocked by mammon's leaven,
Thy pyramids of purple bloom,
Blush through the loneliness and gloom,
My spirit bursts its living tomb,
And basks beneath the open heaven."

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We have thus endeavored to defend our beloved friends, the flowers, from the charge of *disdaining* to *serve*, by showing the true *service* which they render to man; and now, let us give a companion picture to the one above;—it is from "Nina Sforza:"—

"I late was passing by a poet's door,
Who, on his window-sill, with wasted care,
Had placed a hungry shrub for light—a want
That crowded quarter miserly supplied;
A wild field-rose it was; it may be slippe
As sweet remembrance of his wanderings;
'Twas withering fast, yet, 'midst its dry, curl'd leaves,
One sickly bud had struggled into bloom.
That bud, so pale, so common, fix'd my step;
I thought it priceless, and, except for shame,
Had very gladly stolen away a leaf;
I, whose court-life had ever been perfumed
With every rarest flower that we know.
Now, think you, 'twas the rose-bud that I saw?
Believe it not! It was the poet's soul
Diffused by mental magic, over all
Which environed the proud connection of his name
R. Z. S. TROUGHTON.

"Better," says our most delightful of essayists, LEIGH HUNT, "better hang a wild rose over the toilet, than nothing. The eye that looks in the

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glass will see there something besides itself, and acquire something of a religious right to respect itself, in thinking by how many objects in the creation the bloom of beauty is shared." And again, speaking of "Breakfast in Summer," he says:—"Set flowers on your table, a whole nosegay if you can get it,—or but two or three,—or a single flower,—a rose, a pink, nay, a daisy. Bring a few daisies and buttercups, from your last field walk, and keep them alive in a little water; and preserve but a bunch of clover, or a handful of flowering grass, one of the most elegant, as well as cheap, of nature's productions,—and you have something on your table that reminds you of the beauty of God's creation, and gives you a link with the poets and sages that have done it most honour. Put but a rose, or a lily, or a violet, on your table, and *you and Lord Bacon* have a custom in common; for that great and wise man was in the habit of having the flowers in season set upon his table,—morning, and, we believe, noon, and night; that is to say, at all his meals; for dinner, in his time, was taken at noon: and why

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departed poet, CAMPBELL:—"I delight in the Flowers of the Field; they have all some charm or other in my eyes,—with their shapes and hues they speak a language of their own, to my imagination; and when I have admired their beauty, I like to consult the dictionary about their uses and qualities." Better still were it to have some friend acquainted with the hidden properties of nature's various productions, to whom, like Thyrsis lamenting for his Damon, one might say:—

"——Thou shalt cull me simples, and shall teach
Thy friend the name and healing powers of each,
From the tall blue-bell to the dwarfish weed,
What the dry land, and what the marshes feed;
For all their kinds alike to thee are known,
And the whole art of Galen is thine own."

The friends of the poet, above alluded to, might well exclaim, with the concluding words of the quotation:—

"Ah! perish Galen's art, and withered be
The *useless* herbs that gave not health to thee."
COWPER, FROM MILTON.

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Wronging, in the bitterness of their grief, the plants which were powerless to save him :—

"Who bade the many-coloured bow
With brighter, richer hues to glow,
And from the lowly Field Flowers rose,
To meet the last of all our race,
Stern moralizing, face to face,
With Time and Life, in their last throes."

H. G. A.

Let us now put ourselves under the guidance of WILLIAM HOWITT—one who knows well where the sweetest Wild Flowers are to be found, and who has, moreover, a true eye for the beautiful and picturesque in nature, and a true heart to sympathize, alike in grief or joy, with his fellow-men. See what an English landscape opens before us as we follow the path which he indicates : "It is evening, what a calm and basking sunshine lies on the green landscape. Look around,—all is beauty, and richness, and glory. Those tall elms, which surround the church-yard, letting the grey tower get but a passing glimpse of the river, and that other magnificent circle of solemn trees, which stretch up the side of the same

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fair stream,—how they hang in the most verdant and luxuriant masses of foliage! What a soft, hazy, twilight floats about them! What a slumberous calm rests upon them! Slumberous did I say? no, it is not slumberous; it has nothing of sleep in its profound repose. It is the depth of a contemplative trance; as if every tree were a living, thinking spirit, lost in the vastness of some absorbing thought. It is the hush of a dream-land; the motionless majesty of an enchanted forest, bearing the spell of an irrefragable silence." Pause here a moment, while we repeat a few lines, which this idea has brought to our memory; we have but to change the time from evening to night, and it will be exactly applicable:—

"Old trees by night are like men in thought,
By poetry to silence wrought;
They stand so still, and they look so wise,
With folded arms, and half shut eyes,
More shadowy than the shade they cast
When the wan moonlight on the river passed."

F. W. FABER.

And now to continue our examination of the beauties of the prospect before us:—"See over

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those wide meadows, what an affluence of vegetation!—How that herd of cattle, in color, and form, and grouping, worthy the pencil of Cuyp or Ruysdael, graces the plenty of that field of most lustrous gold; and all around, the grass growing for the scythe, almost overtops the hedges with its abundance. As we track the narrow footpath, we cannot avoid a lively admiration of the rich mosaic of colors that are woven all through them—the yellow rattle—the crimson stems and heads of the burnet, that plant of beautiful leaves—the golden trifolium—the light quakegrass—the azure milkwort—and clover scenting all the air. And lo! there are the mowers at work! there are the haymakers! Green swathes of mown grass—haycocks and wagons ready to bear them away—it is summer, indeed!" We must have another verse of poetry—another quaff from the Pierian springs—what shall it be? Oh! let us quote from a poet whom we have hitherto too much neglected:—

"Hark! where the sweeping scythe now rips along;
Each sturdy mower emulous and strong,

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Whose writhing form meridian heat defies,
Bends o'er his work, and every sinew tries;
Prostrates the waving treasure at his feet,
But spares the rising clover, short and sweet.
Come *Health!* come *Jollity!* light-footed, come;
Here hold your revels, and make this your home."

BLOOMFIELD.

Now again for HOWITT's rich prose:—

"What a fragrance comes floating on the gale from the clover in the standing grass; from the new-mown hay; and from these sycamore trees, with all their pendant flowers. It is delicious; and yet one cannot help regretting that the year has advanced so far. Here, the wild rose is putting out; the elder is already in flower; they are all beautiful, but saddening signs of the swift-winged time. Let us sit down by this little stream, and enjoy the pleasantness that it presents, without a thought of the future. Ah! this sweet place is just in its pride. The flags have sprung thickly in the bed of the brook, and their yellow flowers are beginning to show themselves. The green locks of the water ranunculuses are lifted by the stream, and their flowers form snowy islands on the surface;

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the water-lilies spread out their leaves upon it like the pallettes of fairy painters; and that opposite bank, what a prodigal scene of vigorous and abundant vegetation it is. There are the blue geraniums as lovely as ever; the meadow-sweet is hastening to put out its form-like flowers; that species of golden-flowered mustard occupies the connecting space between the land and water; and harebells, the jagged pink lichnis, and flowering grass of various kinds, make the whole bank beautiful."* Beautiful, indeed! Well might the lady of this painter of Nature sing:—

"I love the odorous hawthorn flower,
I love the wilding's bloom to see
I love the light anemonies
That tremble to the faintest breeze,
And hyacinth-like orc hises
Are very dear to me.

"The star-wort is a fairy flower,
The violet is a thing to prize,
The wild pink on the craggy ledge,
The waving, sword-lik e water's-edge,
And e'en the Robin-run-i'-the-hedge,
Are precious in mine eyes."

* Rural Life in England.

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And why are they precious?

"Less that they are so beautiful,
Than that they are so *plentiful*,
So free for every child to pull."

MARY HOWITT.

Herein the lady agrees with many others who have written on this delightful subject; as the quotation at the head of our chapter well expresses it, Wild Flowers *are* "the true Philanthropists of Nature;" says another sweet singer:—

"And then I love the Field Flowers, too,
Because they are a blessing given
E'en to the poorest little one,
Who wanders 'neath the vault of heaven;
The garden flowers are reared by few,
And to that few belong alone;
But flowers that spring by vale or stream,
Each one may claim them for his own."

ANNE PRATT.

Besides their superior fragrance, to which we shall presently make allusion, there is also another reason named by this author, for her love of Wild Flowers; we will give it, not in her

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own words, but in those of a sister of song. It is that they are fraught with,—

"Sweet memories of that blissful time,
Life's day-spring! lovelier than its prime,
When with the bird on summer morn,
That carolled earliest from the thorn,
I was awake, and singing too,
And gathering wild flowers wet with dew."

CAROLINE BOWLES.

A writer in the *Quarterly Review* observes thus: "One characteristic of our native plants we must mention, that if we miss in them something of the gorgeousness and lustre of more tropical flowers, we are more than compensated by the delicacy and variety of their perfume; and just as our woods, vocal with the nightingale, the blackbird, and the thrush, can well spare the gaudy feathers of the macaw, so we can consign the oncidiums, and cactuses, and the impomæas of the tropics, for the delicious fragrance of our wild banks of violets, our lilies-of-the-valley, our woodbine, or even the passing whiff of a hawthorn bush, a clover or bean field, or a gorse common." Yes we can well spare

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those gaudy strangers, for the sweet and beautiful productions of our own woods and fields possess, in themselves, all that the heart or the imagination can require in a flower; wandering amid them we may say, with MILTON:—

> "Now gentle gales
> Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
> *Native* perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
> These balmy spoils."

HELIOTROPE.

THERE is a flower whose modest eye
Is turned with looks of light and love,
Who breathes her softest, sweetest sigh
Whene'er the sun is bright above.

Let clouds obscure, or darkness veil,
Her fond idolatry is fled;
Her sighs no more their sweets exhale,
The loving eye is cold and dead.

Canst thou not trace a moral here,
False flatterer of the prosperous hour?
Let but an adverse cloud appear,
And thou art faithless as the flower.

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WILD FLOWERS.

BY ANNE PRATT.

Why is it that I love the flowers
That grow in woods, and lanes, and fields,
Better than all the glowing ones
The richly cultured garden yields?
Why is it that the daisy has
A charm for me, all flowers above;
Or why the hawthorn's fragrant breath,
More than the myrtle's do I love?

The cuckoo-flower and hyacinth,
These blossoms of each woodland wild,—
The primrose and anemone,
O, I have prized them from a child!
And still the odours that arise
From clusters of the wild woodbine,
Are sweeter, lovelier to me,
Than scent of Eastern jessamine.

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And yet the flowers I prize so much,
Than cultured flowers are not more sweet,
And they are withered sooner far,
Than those we in the garden meet
Their colours are not half so gay
As tints of flowers from far-off land,
From isle of Greece, or Indian grove,
Nurtured by man with careful hand.

But meadow flowers bring to my mind
The thoughts of pleasant days gone by,
When with my sisters, hand in hand,
We roamed beneath the summer sky ;
And twined a garland for our hats,
Of blossoms from each bush around,
And linked the daisies into chains,
And culled the cowslips from the ground

And then I love the field flowers, too,
Because they are a blessing given
Ev'n to the poorest little one,
That wanders 'neath the vault of heaven ,

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The garden flowers are reared for few,
And to those few belong alone;
But flowers that spring by vale or stream,
Each one may claim them for his own.

The rich parterre is walled around,
But meadow lands stretch far and wide
And we may gather lovely flowers
For miles along the river side;
And far amidst the landscape wild,
Wander the scenes of beauty o'er,
Now lingering in the violet glen,
Now roaming on the thymy moor.

Or pause where foam-like meadow queen
Scatters her blossoms on the lake
Or where the Orchis blooms among
The lady-fern or feathery brake;
Or sit beside the winding path
Bordered by ripening wheat or oat,
When on the gentle summer air
The poppy's crimson banners float.

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And O, I joy as Spring comes round,
Flinging her scent o'er glen and hill
For though I love the garden flowers
I love the wild buds better still.
Then let me stray into the fields,
Or seek the green wood's shady bowers,
Marking the beauties and the scents,
Of simple blossoms—sweet wild flowers

DECISION OF THE FLOWER.

BY L. E. LANDON.

And with scarlet poppies, around like a bower,
The maiden found her mystic flower
"Now, gentle flower, I pray thee tell
If my lover loves me, and loves me well:
So may the fall of the morning dew
Keep the sun from fading thy tender blue,
Now I number the leaves for my lot—
He loves not—he loves me—he loves me not—
He loves me—yes, thou last leaf, yes—
I'll pluck thee not for the last sweet guess!
He loves me!"—"Yes," a dear voice sigh'd,
And her lover stands by Margaret's side.

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THE WILD FLOWERS.

BY F. J. SMITH.

Sweet wilding tufts, that 'mid the waste
  Your lowly buds expand;
Though by no sheltering walls embraced,
  Nor trained by beauty's hand:
The primal flowers which grace your stems,
  Bright as the dahlias shine,
Found thus, like unexpected gems,
  To lonely hearts like mine.

'Tis a quaint thought, and yet, perchance,
  Sweet blossoms, ye are sprung
From flowers that over Eden once
  Their pristine fragrance flung;—
That drank the dews of Paradise,
  Beneath the starlight clear;
Or caught from Eve's dejected eyes
  Her first repentant tear.

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A WILD FLOWER WREATH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "*Nugæ Sacræ.*

If stranger hands might dare
A wild-flower wreath prepare,
The sweet enthusiastic's hair,
Her flowing hair to bind—
Oh! I would haste to bring
The violet of Spring,
Whose odours scent the wing
Of every passing wind.

Each flower that early blows,
The May-bough's wreathed snows,
The wild-brier's folded rose,
And woodbine's fragrant bloom;
The speedwell's eye of blue,
Suffused with morning dew,
Should smilingly glance through
The tresses of the broom.

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The rustic blushing heath,
That lurks the fern beneath,
Should grace our wilding wreath
With many a pendant bell;
The fair anemone
Might well with these agree,
Reft from her sheltering tree,
Low in the copsewood dell.

No less the floweret pale,
The lily of the vale
That scents the roving gale,
Yet loves its leafy shade;
And well my hand, I ween,
(If such my task had been,)
Could twine the myrtle green
To crown the mountain maid.

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THE COWSLIP

Unfolding to the breeze of May,
The Cowslip greets the vernal ray;
The topaz and the ruby gem,
Her blossom's simple diadem;
And, as the dew-drops gently fall,
They tip with pearls her coronal.
In princely halls and courts of kings
Its lustrous ray the diamond flings;
Yet few of those who see its beam,
Amid the torch-light's dazzling gleam,
As bright as though a meteor shone,
Can call the costly prize their own.
But gems of every form and hue
Are glittering here in morning dew;
Jewels that all alike may share
As freely as the common air;
No niggard hand, or jealous eye,
Protects them from the passer by.

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Man to his brother shuts his heart,
And Science acts a miser's part;
But Nature, with a liberal hand,
Flings wide her stores o'er sea and land
If gold she gives, not single grains
Are scatter'd far across the plains;
But lo, the desert streams are roll'd
O'er precious beds of virgin gold.
If flowers she offers, wreaths are given,
As countless as the stars of heaven:
Or music — 'tis no feeble note
She bids along the valleys float;
Ten thousand nameless melodies
In one full chorus swell the breeze.
Oh, art is but a scanty rill
That genial seasons scarcely fill.
But nature needs no tide's return
To fill afresh her flowing urn;
She gathers all her rich supplies
Where never-failing waters rise.

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DAFFODILS.

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon:
Stay, stay
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even-song
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along

We have short time to stay as ye,
We have as fleet a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you or any thing;
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

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THE VIOLETS' SPRING SONG.

BY L. A. TWAMLEY.

Under the hedge all safe and warm,
Sheltered from boisterous wind and storm
We violets lie;
With each small eye
Closely shut while the cold goes by.

You look at the bank, 'mid the biting frost,
And you sigh and say that we're dead and lost:
But lady, stay
For a sunny day,
And you'll find us again alive and gay.

On mossy banks, under forest trees,
You'll find us crowding, in days like these;
Purple and blue,
And white ones too,
Peep at the sun and wait for you.

By maids and matrons, by old and young,
By rich and poor our praise is sung;

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And the blind man sighs
When his sightless eyes
He turns to the spot where our perfumes rise.
There is not a garden the country through,
Where they plant not violets white and blue;
By princely hall,
And cottage small—
For we're sought, and cherished, and culled by all.
Yet grand parterres, and stiff-trimmed beds,
But ill become our modest heads;
We'd rather run,
In shadow and sun,
O'er the banks where our merry lives first begun.
There, where the birken bough's silvery shine
Gleams over the hawthorn and frail woodbine,
Moss, deep and green,
Lies thick, between
The plots where we violet-flowers are seen.
And the small gay Celandine's stars of gold
Rise sparkling beside our purple's fold:—
Such a regal show
Is rare, I trow,
Save on the banks were violets grow.

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TO A ROSE.

Since king and shepherd own
  Thee for the queen of flowers,
When thou art fully blown
  In Summer-laughing hours;
Since none partake thy throne;
  What need a Poet's powers
To make thy kingdom known,
  Thou sovereign of the bowers?

What need to paint the state
  Of amber-haired Morn?
Or the ripe Day relate,
  Which is in ocean born?
These all confess are great;
  And yet all tongues adorn—
Pure love cannot abate,
  Nor duty be forborne.

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Thou flower of heavenly seed!
Emphatical delight!
Thou, in whose leaves we read
The soul of crimson light!
That married art, indeed,
And vow'd to Summer bright;
And didst of Spring proceed;
What tongue can paint thee right?

Ere thou art born on earth,
The shepherds sing thy praise;
The cities waken mirth,
In hope of flowery days:
Thou art the chiefest birth,
That swelling Nature pays,
To ransom Winter's dearth,
And Spring's unkind delays.

The pink and violet meet,
The jasmine dwells in thee,
The honey-suckle sweet,
The jacinth budding free;

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In thee what odors greet
The longing sense, agree;
And reign in lovely heat—
As fountains in the sea.

Methinks thou hast a tongue
That answers me again,
With lovely Muses hung;
"O, waste not love in vain;
But let HIS praise be sung,
Who bade me blush, and reign
O'er flowers; by whom I sprung;
The God of land and main!

"My life, I know, is brief;
My crimson shall grow pale;
And I shall shed my leaf,
And all my odors fail:
But this can breed no grief;
I love, and shall prevail;
And God shall give relief,
And raise me up from bale.

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"And what the Spring to me,
Prophetic, may appear,
Is heaven, O man, to thee,
An ever blooming year:
Where thou shalt Angels see,
And their sweet harpings hear;
If thou God's servant be,
And keep his counsel dear."

O preacher of the mead,
Thy sermon is divine;
And doth from God proceed,
Who cause thee thus to shine:
O Rose, in crimson weed:
And may I make it mine;
And thus be learn'd indeed,
When sun and stars decline!

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THE ALPINE VIOLET

BY BYRON.

The spring is come, the violet's gone,
The first-born child of the early sun;
With us she is but a winter flower,
The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower,
And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue,
To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.

But when the spring comes with her host
Of flowers, that flower, beloved the most,
Shrinks from the crowd, that may confuse
Her heavenly odors and virgin hues.

Pluck the others, but still remember
Their herald out of dire December;
The morning star of all the flowers,
The pledge of daylight's lengthened hours:
And 'mid the roses ne'er forget
The virgin, virgin violet.

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THE ENCHANTED PLANTS.

FABLES IN VERSE.

BY MADAM MONTOLIEU.

INTRODUCTION.

Oft to beguile the sultry hours,
In thought I've animated flowers,
Enlivening every walk;
And though no botanist professed,
Their reasoning powers have shrewdly guessed,
And longed to hear them talk.

It chanced one lovely day in June,
Just at the madding time of noon,
I spoke this wish aloud;
When from a Pansy, with surprise,
I saw a gradual mist arise,
And form a silvery cloud.

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Forth from the glittering veil, behold,
In insect trappings, green and gold,
A faëry figure sprung,
Her wand a cowslip's stamen seemed,
And on her head like diamonds beamed
A casque with dew-drops hung.

Her silken pinions as she flew,
Seemed by their size and purple hue,
Spoils of the flowers she left:
She soared aloft and touched mine ear,
While I, half pleased, half dead with fear,
Remained of speech bereft.

Then first a small, melodious tone,
Before to mortal wight unknown,
Struck my enraptured sense;
"Flora," it murmured, "grants thy prayer,
Long have her treasures been thy care,
Receive thy recompense."

This said, she vanished from my sight,
And since, with ever new delight,
I tend my fragrant hoards;

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No solitude exists for me,
Since every flower and shrub and tree,
Society affords.

FABLE L.

GRUMBLING.

One day, when winter ruled the skies,
I, shivering by the flame,
Heard a strange hurly-burly rise,
And wondered whence it came

Spite of the season's biting gales,
I traced the uncommon sound,
And found four plants, in snowy veils,
Muttering on gifted ground.

A Crocus bright peeped forth alone,
The rest lay snug concealed,
Till each, with discontented tone,
Her name and woes revealed.

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To Flora were their vows addressed,
In supplicating mood;
The Crocus first her plaints expressed,
And thus her grievance stood.

"Oh, Flora, cruel mother! say,
Why suckle me with snow?
And, why not let thy Crocus stay
Till rival beauties blow?

"In spring, when every shrub and flower
Rejoices in the sun,
Like babe entombed at early hour,
My shivering race is run.

"Let me but once, among the gay,
My place with rapture find;
Once hail the balmy breath of May,
Thenceforward I'm resigned."

She ceased; another plaintive moan
Arose from neighbouring root;
The modest Violet, wayward grown,
Presumed to urge her suit.

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"Oh, hear a timid suppliant's prayer,
Nymph of the blushing hours,
Incline, and rescue from despair,
The most forlorn of Flowers!

"Fair am I formed, and sweet 'tis true,
Thy favourite blue-eyed maid;
Each spring am fed with pearly dew,
But cloistered in the shade.

"Were I exalted on my stem
By solar beams inspired;
What Pink, what Rose, what fragrant gem,
Like me would be admired?"

"How," cried, with royal pride, the Rose,
(Betrayed by her petition,
Or else what mortal could suppose
She liked not her condition?)

"Shall such mean reptiles dare complain,
Sweet ruler of the year!
While I, thy vice-queen, crowned in vain,
Here shed the silent tear?

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"Though bright my tints, perfumed my breath,
Though cherished by the fair,
Though when I fade, even after death,
My virtues honored are:

"Yet in my season, numerous powers
Approach too near the throne;
The embroidered garden, rich with flowers,
Scarce will my empire own.

"If blushing to thy court I came,
When autumn rules the day,
Then should I sovereign homage claim,
And hold despotic sway."

"Despotic sway, indeed!" replied
The image of the sun;
"In June rejoice to curb thy pride,—
My reign is not begun.

"Though native of a distant clime,
No British bloom I boast;
Yet know, proud plant! my form sublime,
Eclipses all thine host.

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"Goddess! in radiant glories dressed,
Let me henceforth appear,
By summer's brightest beams caressed,
Nor wait the closing year."

"Ungrateful tribe!"—with angry pause,
The indignant Goddess cries,
"Not in the season's wholesome laws,
Your cause of grievance lies.

"Spoiled by prosperity, ye pine,
Like many a pampered fair;
But wo to all, should I incline,
And grant to each her prayer.

"So nicely are your hours arranged,
To every season linked,
That Nature's laws one moment changed,
Your race would be extinct."

She spoke; then bade the blast arise,
Her message to convey;
Boreas, swift rushing through the skies,
Swept all their sighs away.

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FABLE II.

SCANDAL,

OR THE PAINTED LADY SWEET-PEA.

Gay Anemone, daughter of Ar,
(Her ancestors sprung from the wood)
To Ranunculus, friend of her heart,
Chattered scandal as fast as she could.

One evening the subject she chose,
Was peculiarly painful to me;
For my favourite next to the Rose,
Is the pink-and-white sweet-scented Pea.

"Look there!" said the fanciful flower,
(By whimsical botanists dressed)
"How yon vain youthful plant of an hour,
Smiles and flaunts like a beauty professed.

"Though with us in the garden displayed,
Unimproved her corollas remain,
Still blushing, unformed, unarrayed,
Like her cousins who bask on the plain."

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"How blushing!" her friend, sneering, cries,
"The old Daffodil whispered last night,
And you know on those subjects she's wise,
That this innocent paints red and white.

"While her exquisite honeyed perfume
For which the bees teaze her to death,
They have found too, and so I presume,
Is fictitious to cover her breath.

"Then to see how she flirts with them all,
How she aims in a nosegay to shine
And because she is painted and tall,
Conceits herself blooming and fine."

A Sweet-William, concealed in the shade,
Who their kind observations had heard,
Much loving the bright-bosomed maid,
Thought it high time to put in a word.

"Fine ladies, your eloquence spare,
Oh, spare it, in pity to me!
Or my heart is quite lost to the fair,
Supremely fair, sweet-scented Pea.

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"For envy alone could suggest
The rank malice that fell from your tongue,
And your censures completely expressed,
That she's innocent, lovely, and young.

"Pink and silver, like midsummer skies,
Is it thence you her blushes defame,
That, amazed at her own brilliant dyes,
Nature once stooped to Art for a name!

"By thus over-shooting the mark,
Poor ill-nature defeats her own end;
As a glow-worm's more bright in the dark,
You're but foils to my beautiful friend;

"Doomed malicious old virgins to fade,
Whom multiplied petals deform,
While she her soft banner displayed,
Soon will shelter her fruit from the storm."

The ladies felt something like shame,
And indignant were ready to cry,
They e'en vowed no more beauties to blame—
That is — when Sweet-William is by.

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FABLE III.

DESPAIR.

LIST, maidens, in this witching hour,
How a charmed Hare-bell loved a swain.
Yclep'd the shepherd of the bower,
Who cared not for her pain.

Yet he, forsooth, was kind and good,
And he wooed Geraldine the fair,
And gathered garlands in the wood
To deck her golden hair.

He culled the wild Rose wet with dew,
He culled the Lily of the vale,
And Eglantine, and Violet blue,
Sweet May, and Primrose pale.

And eke this small bell, mid the grass,
His eye exploring oft would meet—
And yet he stooped not, for alas!
She breathed no tempting sweet.

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"Oh!" then, in pleading strain, cried she,
"Too lovely shepherd of the bower!
Would that I were, till plucked by thee,
The green wood's sweetest flower.

"And fading, on thy gentle breast
One happy, happy moment lie,
Once to thy heart be fondly pressed,
And then, rejoicing, die."

One luckless morn this lover flew
O'er dells and dingles to the grove,
To greet with flowrets bathed in dew
The birth-day of his love.

Alas! he flew with careless speed,
For he right gladsome was and young,
And crushed the Hare-bell of the mead,
Who thus her death-lay sung:

"O, shepherd, so beloved by me
My early doom I joyous meet,
Too happy, since disdained by thee,
To perish at thy feet."

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Damsels, profit by my story,
Thus in unfashioned phrase rehearsed,
Prize your peace, and maiden glory,
Nor love who loves not first.

FABLE IV.

SENSIBILITY.

Feeling! by words so ill defined,
So lovely in an honest mind,
How art thou grown in fashion's schools,
The mask of vice, the cant of fools

How oft impatience, temper's storm,
For sanction grasps thy glowing form!
How affectation, beauty's shame,
And weakness prostitute thy name!

How oft, by songs and novels taught,
They who ne'er knew one generous thought
Their sensibilities reveal,
Sacred to such as truly feel.

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She who the orphan's tear neglects,
Flavia, the tragic muse affects,
In sorrow with the heroine vies—
Does Flavia feel, because she cries!

While love-lorn nymphs, whom vows deceive
Unmoved, their roof paternal leave;
Passion for sentiment mistake,
And doom a parent's heart to break.

My fancy, wandering, uncontrolled,
Once to the river's side I strolled,
When to my mind these thoughts occurred,
Wakened by plaintive sounds I heard.

The breeze was gentle as my theme,
And Cynthia mild as poet's dream;
And hushed was every leafy spray,
Save the sad subject of my lay.

A Willow, bending o'er the flood,
Her leaves just starting from the bud,
Like bird of night, I heard complain,
In moping melancholy strain.

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"Ah, nature! why, when all is gay,
Or resting from the toils of day,
Why is my waking soul the shrine
Of sense so exquisitely fine?

"If but a sunbeam strikes too warm,
How faint my undulating form!
The most dispirited of trees,
If hollow sounds the evening breeze.

"When cloudy yon blue vault appears,
Instant I droop, dissolved in tears;
If but a Poplar frowns in scorn,
I sorrow that I e'er was born."

While thus she mourned, she sobbed aloud,
And to the stream her branches bowed;
I gazed; and still she wept and sighed,
Yet seemed to feel a secret pride.

An Alder, by her plaints awoke,
Thus in reproachful accents spoke,
"Why, Willow, why these vigils keep,
And break the sacred hour of sleep?

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"Why still deem Nature's laws perverse,
Who make her choicest gifts a curse?
Feeling, whose shrine thy tears profane
Is not the eternal nurse of pain.

"When rain and tempest rule the hours,
How sympathize the plants and flowers?
The sun once more revives the plain,
They laugh with hope and joy again.

"Mark pleasure's fascinating wiles,
And beauty's heart-illumined smiles;
The eye's quick glancing rapture tells,
Unquestioned, where the angel dwells.

"Where points the moon-beam, dost thou see,
Near yon gray stone, a lofty tree?
The Cypress, mourner of the grove,
Placed by the hand of widowed love?

"His grief with dignity he bears,
A dark and settled sorrow wears;
Affects no attitudes of wo,
And scorns one trivial tear should flow.

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"The genuine anguish of the heart,
Nor tears, nor sobs, nor groans impart
But like this deep and silent wave,
Steals without murmur to the grave.

"To him, who pines with grief sincere,
Like dreams of heavenly bliss appear,
The fancied evils you deplore—"
She paused—the Willow wept the more.

FABLE V.

CONTENTION.

A CHESTNUT-TREE laden with bloom,
A Laburnum with boughs dropping gold,
A Hyacinth breathing perfume,
One Spring morning proceeded to scold.

The cause of the quarrel averred,
Was a doubt in an ill-fated hour,
Which for beauty, by man is preferred,
The Tree, or the Shrub, or the Flower.

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The Flower, as a Lady spoke first
And (illiberal Satire says) most,
Sweets, garlands, charms, emblems rehearsed,
And made lovers, and sonnets, her boast.

But this was so common a ditty,
And the shrub held her merits so cheap,
That he swore she was pretty and witty,
And besought her her counsel to keep.

"Thy delights," added he, "are confessed.
Truly nature has made thy race fair,
But thy beauties by monarchs caressed,
Thy favors e'en cottagers share.

"We shrubs of a lineage refined,
Ne'er stoop with plebeians to bloom,
Though Syringas, of ignoble kind,
By chance may the village perfume.

"So graceful our flexible arms,
Such fragrance our blossoms exhale,
That e'en forest-trees envy our charms,
And parterres with vexation turn pale."

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The Chestnut, indignant and proud,
Frowned, as if he both parties despised,
And shaking his branches aloud,
In few words his pretensions comprised.

"Sweet Flowret," (he flattered the sex)
"I perceive my protection's required,
And lament yonder coxcomb should vex
You, made to be loved and admired.

"But no wonder he triumphs o'er you,
Who ventures with Oaks to compare,
They whose might Britain's enemies rue,
Who the glory of conquerors share.

"Let fops ring their own empty praises,
Who true insignificance feel,
Self-boasting but ridicule raises,
Our merits let others reveal."

The furious Laburnum replied,
The Chestnut retorted again,
The flower with the strongest took side,
Yet endeavored their rage to restrain.

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But why to curb anger aspire?
'Tis a torrent that roars in the mind;
As easy to reign in the fire,
Or check the wild gusts of the wind.

Each grew so outrageous at last,
Such unparalleled insults occurred
And they all talked together so fast,
That I scarce could distinguish one word.

So fearing that breakfast might wait,
And conscious no blood could ensue,
I left them to end the debate,
And came home to relate it to you.

FABLE VI.

LOVE.

Fancy not, men, who read my page
That only care and spleen engage
The blooming tribes I sing;
No—they enjoy the world like you,
Make love, feed, sleep, and quaff the dew,
And frolic in the spring.

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Like mortals, too, of various taste,
Some plants are frail, and some are chaste,
  Some with affection blessed;
The Hedysarum loves the sun,
Coquets it till his race is run,
  Then nods, and sinks to rest.

While the Mimosa, modest maid,
Even at the zephyr's breath dismayed,
  The virgin's fear portrays;
And Lupins, whom their buds delight,
Who shield them from the damps of night,
  Deserve a mother's praise.

But scandal says (what won't she say?)
That every flower and plant is gay,
  By nature's precepts trained;
But lest my muse censorious prove,
I only sing their mortal love,
  Too pure to be arraigned.

At six, one balmy summer morn,
To hail June's perfumes newly born,
  I through the shrubbery strayed

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When from the myriads all around,
The accustomed soft and silvery sound,
Rose murmuring through the shade

But chiefly I inclined my ear,
A curious dialogue to hear
Between two amorous flowers;
What woman but had done the same?
For each was talking of his flame,
Just as we talk of ours.

"Let Tulip hear, and judge our cause,
And we be guided by his laws,"
A gallant Larkspur cried:
"Done," cried a Pink, with double crest,
"Which of us Silvia loves the best,
Let Tulip now decide."

LARKSPUR.

When Silvia, goddess of the groves,
Enchanted through her garden roves,
Soon as my tints she spies,

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With what delight she stops to gaze,
Soft as descending dews her praise,
Bright as the sun her eyes.

PINK.

When Silvia, by the breeze caressed,
Herself the queen of flowers confessed,
Appears, eclipsed they pine,
For me she oft the Rose resigns,
And sighing o'er my form inclines,
Her breath more sweet than mine.

LARKSPUR.

Behold this spot, how large a space
She yields to us, her favourite race,
Placed here in crowded ranks;
Armed with our spurs, I heard her swear,
"None but the brave deserved the fair;"
I blushed, and bowed my thanks.

PINK.

Just now our variegated hue,
And rich corollas hung with dew,
Attracted Silvia's eye,

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She placed the loveliest on her breast,
And in a basket heaped the rest,—
By chance she passed me by.

"Enough, enough!" Sir Tulip cries,
"Be wise, brave Larkspur, yield the prize;
A word before we part;
Value not what a lady says,
Whom her words slight, or whom they praise,
Her actions speak her heart."

THE WALL-FLOWER.

BY WALTER SCOTT.

And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
And honey-suckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruin'd wall;
I deem'd such nooks the sweetest shade,
The sun in all his round surveyed,
And still I thought that shattered tower,
The mightiest work of human power.

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TEMPTATION.

A FLORAL FABLE.

"Why, flower celestial blue, oh, tell,
Why droops thy silken head;
Why scarce unfolded hangs thy bell.
Why are those dew-drops shed?

"Has the east blighting nipped thy buds,
Have the slugs pierced thy leaves,
Have the hot sun-beams drank the floods,
Campanula thus grieves?

"Say, on this dew-bespangled lawn,
Encircling our abode,
Which mingling trees and shrubs adorn,
With fragrant blossoms strewd.

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"Watered and sheltered from thy birth,
Beneath the Acacia bough,
Placed on this chosen spot of earth,
What flower so blessed as thou?"

Thus a bright Lupin, in the grove,
Kind as a summer-shower,
To sooth, in gentle accents strove,
A melancholy flower.

"Ah, wo is me!" with mournful voice,
I heard the plaint reply,
"Ne'er shall Convolvulus rejoice,
Here doomed to pine and die.

"The sun was scarcely set last night,
My bells began to close,
When, to my half-discerning sight,
A lovely vision rose.

"How shall my artless speech describe
The glories of its form?
It seemed of that aerial tribe,
Which here at noontide swarm.

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"From yonder brake on rainbow wing,
It soared with solemn flight,
Two wings were pale as leaves in spring,
Two like the poppy bright.

"'Sweet flower! Oh! sweeter far,' it said,
'Than Musk-rose of the dale;
Sweeter than Furze, or Thymy bed,
On Orange-scented gale!

"'At early dawn, thy sapphire brood
I passed (to roving given)
And thought, in glassy wave, I viewed
The smiling face of heaven.

"'So beauteous, why stay here and sigh?
Oh, grant thy lover's prayer!
With us gay wanderers of the sky,
Come float in fields of air.'

"Then with a pure etherial kiss,
It press'd my leaves and fled;
I sigh for liberty and bliss,
Fix'd to my earthy bed."

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"Oh, shame!" said Lupin, "shame to grieve,
Beware the tempter's theme
Thus fell the flower of Eden, Eve,
Deluded by a dream.

"Yon sun-born tribes, like man, may range.
With stronger wills impressed,
But shall the wild desire of change,
Infect thy gentler breast?

"They who o'er hill, and dale and flood,
A thousand perils brave,
Oft welter in the field of blood,
Or perish in the wave.

"We, happier far, their pleasure share,
Happier in death, our doom,
Fade in the garlands of the fair,
Or strew the hero's tomb.

"Then, oh! beware the flatterer's speech,
Thy favored station keep"——
But long ere Lupin ceased to preach,
The Flowret fell asleep.

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VULGARITY.

FLORAL FABLE.

One August morn, before the sun
Had reached his glorious height,
What time, ere harvest is begun,
The corn-fields most delight.

Snug by a hedge, o'erhung with trees,
Where blades less numerous grew,
A nest of Poppies, placed at ease,
Conversed with Bottles blue.

'I wonder much," with rustic grace,
A Poppy thus began,
"Why our mild inoffensive race
Is so despised by man.

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"The farmer, in whose fields we're found,
Rejects us with disgrace,
And looks on Poppies in his ground,
As pimples in his face.

"Man too, of strange, perverted taste,
Miscalls our potent sweets;
Yet leeks are mid his dainties placed,
And onions crown his treats.

"The same high parentage we claim
With oriental plants,
And near relations, bear his name,
Who in the garden flaunts.

"Owned to by soporific powers,
Who share the doctor's pride,
Connected with physician flowers,
To science we're allied.

"How bright, mid universal green,
Our scarlet host appears,
Not in more splendid garb are seen,
St. James' Volunteers.

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"And we, a mild cerulean fair,"
A Blue-bottle replies,
"Though less conspicuous, proudly wear
The livery of the skies.

"From Switzerland's romantic heights,
Sprung our exotic race,
Who now this gentle soil delights,
Who British gardens grace.

"Let Roses still in hackneyed strain,
With Celia's Lilies blend,
To blue-eyed Marian's sighing swain,
Our tints new flatteries lend.

"While clowns, those tasteless sons of gain,
Contemn the painted meads,
On profits bent, our charms disdain,
And scoffing call us Weeds.

"Amid the blades that glittered round,
One loftier than the rest,
With four-fold spiky honors crowned,
The motley throng addressed.

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"'Ye vulgar flowers,' (she seemed to frown)
'Who our bright limits share,
Intruders (as at routs in town
Queer country neighbors are.)

"'Where industry profusion yields,
How dare ye creep so near?
Go, lurk in cold neglected fields;
No gipsies harbor here.

"'Blasting the boon, to toil assigned,
Ill omened plants ye blow,
Ceres, indignant, hates your kind,
Nor prospers where ye grow.'"

She spoke;—when lo! a hostile troop
The reaper band appears;
The trembling flowers began to droop—
The Wheat to shake her ears.

Alas! they chose that very morn
To scatter death around,
And Poppies, Blue-bottles, and Corn,
Were levelled with the ground.

Digitized by Google

VANITY.

A Lilac, Flora's darling child,
The shrubbery's early pride,
In magic accents sweetly wild,
With exultation cried,

"Avaunt from me, ye tardy flowers
That grovel near the ground,
Compelled to wait for sultry hours,
In verdant fetters bound!

"While I, precursor oft of May,
In orient splendor dressed,
Make the cold face of nature gay,
Her first-born most caressed.

"Warm with benevolence, I bloom,
Pride of the embowering shade,
Or pluck'd, the gorgeous dome perfume
Or deck yon matchless maid.

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"Not even the queen of shrubs, the Rose,
Can double gifts bestow,
Useless her humble foliage blows,
Though bright her petals glow."

This uttered with triumphant mien,
Her light leaves swelled with pride;
Child of the valley, mild, serene,
The Lily thus replied:

"Vain blossom, gem of transient doom
Whence thy presumptuous boast?
That mid Spring's yet unripened bloom,
Thy charms are courted most.

"True, nature fixed with care divine
Mid opening buds thy reign;
What place to thee could June assign
Amid her thronging train?

"Where trees in full luxuriance grow,
How vain thy boasted shade!
Where in bright ranks Carnations blow,
How would thy faint hues fade!

Digitized by Google

"By Julia are thy sweets confessed,
Soft mingling with the gale;
But place thee on her snowy breast,
How soon thy odors fail.

"Fair mid her leaves, thy sister see
In virgin tints atured,
She dwells not on her charms, like thee,
Yet, is she less admired?"

Abashed her purple blushes fled,
The pride of summer came,
And Lilacs numbered with the dead,
No more our shepherds name.

ON THE ROSE.

BY SIR H. WOTTON.

Ye violets, that first appear,
By your pure purple mantle known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own—
What are ye when the Rose is blown?

Digitized by Google

SONGS AND CHORUS OF THE FLOWERS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

ROSES.

We are blushing roses,
Bending with our fulness,
'Midst our close-capp'd sister buds
Warming the green coolness.

Whatsoe'er of beauty
Yearns and yet reposes,
Blush, and bosom, and sweet breath,
Took a shape in roses.

Hold one of us lightly—
See from what a slender
Stalk we bower in heavy blooms,
And roundness rich and tender:

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Know you not our only
Rival flower—the human?
Loveliest weight on lightest foot,
Joy-abundant woman?

LILIES.

We are lilies fair,
The flower of virgin light;
Nature held us forth, and said,
"Lo! my thoughts of white."

Ever since then, angels
Hold us in their hands;
You may see them where they take
In pictures their sweet stands.

Like the garden's angels
Also do we seem;
And not the less for being crown'd
With a golden dream.

Could you see around us
The enamour'd air,
You would see it pale with bliss
To hold a thing so fair.

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POPPIES.

We are slumbering poppies,
Lords of Lethe downs,
Some awake, and some asleep,
Sleeping in our crowns.
What perchance our dreams may know,
Let our serious beauty show.

Central depth of purple,
Leaves more bright than rose—
Who shall tell what brightest thought
Out of darkest grows?
Who, through what funereal pain,
Souls to love and peace attain?

Visions aye are on us,
Unto eyes of power;
Pluto's always-setting sun,
And Proserpine's bower:
There, like bees, the pale souls come
For our drink, with drowsy hum.

Taste, ye mortals, also;
Milky-hearted, we;—
Taste, but with a reverent care;
Active-patient be.

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Too much gladness brings to gloom
Those who on the gods presume.

CHORUS.

We are the sweet flowers,
Born of sunny showers,
(Think, whene'er you see us, what our beauty saith;)
Utterance, mute and bright,
Of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with pleasure, by our simple breath:
All who see us love us—
We befit all places:
Unto sorrow we give smiles—and unto graces, races.

Mark our ways, how noiseless
All, and sweetly voiceless,
Though the March-winds pipe, to make our passage clear;
Not a whisper tells
Where our small seed dwells,
Nor is known the moment green, when our tips appear.

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We thread the earth in silence,
In silence build our bowers—
And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh a-top, sweet flowers.

The dear lumpish baby,
Humming with the May-bee,
Hails us with his bright star, stumbling through the grass;

The honey-dropping moon,
On a night in June,
Kisses our pale pathway leaves, that felt the bridegroom pass.

Age, the wither'd clinger,
On us mutely gazes,
and wraps the thought of his last bed in his childhood's daisies.

See (and scorn all duller
Taste) how heav'n loves color;
How great Nature, clearly, joys in red and green;—

What sweet thoughts she thinks
Of violets and pinks,
And a thousand flushing hues, made solely to be seen:

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See her whitest lilies
Chill the silver showers,
And what a red mouth is her rose, the woman of her flowers.

Uselessness divinest,
Of a use the finest,
Painteth us, the teachers of the end of use;
Travellers, weary-eyed,
Bless us, far and wide;
Unto sick and prison'd thoughts we give sudden truce:
Not a poor town window
Loves its sickliest planting,
But its wall speaks loftier truth than Babylonian vaunting.

Sagest yet the uses,
Mix'd with our sweet juices,
Whether man or May-fly, profit of the balm,
As fair fingers heal'd
Knights from the olden field
We hold cups of mightiest force to give the wildest calm.

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Ey'n the terror, poison,
Hath its plea for blooming;
Life it gives to reverent lips, though death to the presuming.

And oh! our sweet soul-taker,
That thief, the honey-maker,
What a house hath he, by the thymy glen!
In his talking rooms
How the feasting fumes,
Till the gold cups overflow to the mouths of men!
The butterflies come aping
Those fine thieves of ours,
And flutter round our rifled tops, like tickled flowers with flowers.

See those tops, how beauteous!
What fair service duteous
Round some idol waits, as on their lord the Nine
Elfin court 'twould seem;
And taught, perchance, that dream
Which the old Greek mountain dreamt, upon nights divine.

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To expound such wonder
Human speech avails not;
Yet there dies no poorest weed, that such a glory exhales not.

Think of all these treasures
Matchless works and pleasures,
Every one a marvel, more than thought can say,
Then think in what bright showers
We thicken fields and bowers,
And with what heaps of sweetness half stifle wanton May:
Think of the mossy forests
By the bee-birds haunted,
And all those Amazonian plains, lone lying as enchanted.

Trees themselves are ours;
Fruits are born of flowers;
Peach, and roughest nut, were blossoms in the spring:
The lusty bee knows well
The news, and comes pell-mell,
And dances in the gloomy thicks with darksome antheming.

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Beneath the very burthen
Of planet-pressing ocean,
We wash our smiling cheeks in peace—a thought
for meek devotion.

Tears of Phœbus—missings
Of Cytherea's kissings,
Have in us been found, and wise men find them
still;
Drooping grace unfurls
Still Hyacinthus' curls,
And Narcissus loves himself in the selfish rill:
Thy red lip, Adonis,
Still is wet with morning;
And the step, that bled for thee, the rosy brier
adorning.

O! true things are fables,
Fit for sagest tables,
And the flowers are true things—yet no fables
they;
Fables were not more
Bright, nor loved of yore—
Yet they grew not, like the flowers, by every
old pathway:

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Grossest hand can test us,
Fools may prize us never:—
Yet we rise, and rise, and rise—marvels sweet
for ever.

Who shall say that flowers
Dress not heaven's own bowers!
Who its love, without us, can fancy—or sweet
floor?
Who shall even dare
To say we sprang not there—
And came not down that Love might bring one
piece of heaven the more?
O! pray believe that angels
From those blue dominions,
Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt their
golden pinions.

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THE LAY OF THE ROSE.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

"Discordance that can accord;
And accordance to discord."
The Romaunt of the Rose

A ROSE once pass'd within
A garden, April-green,
In her loneness, in her loneness,
And the fairer for that oneness.

A white rose, delicate,
On a tall bough and straight,
Early comer, April comer,
Never waiting for the summer;

Whose pretty gestes did win
South winds to let her in,
In her loneness, in her loneness;
All the fairer for that oneness.

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"For if I wait," said she,
"Till times for roses be,
For the musk rose, and the moss rose,
Royal red and maiden blush rose.

"What glory then for me,
In such a company?
Roses plenty, roses plenty,
And one nightingale for twenty!

"Nay, let me in," said she,
"Before the rest are free,
In my loneness, in my loneness,
All the fairer for that oneness.

"For I would lonely stand,
Uplifting my white hand,
On a mission, on a mission,
To declare the coming vision.

"See mine, a holy heart,
To high ends set apart,—
All unmated, all unmated,
Because so consecrated.

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"Upon which lifted sign,
What worship will be mine!
What addressing, what caressing,
What thanks, and praise and blessing!

"A wind-like joy will rush
Through every tree and bush,
Bending softly in affection,
And spontaneous benediction.

"Insects, that only may
Live in a sunbright ray,
To my whiteness, to my whiteness
Shall be drawn, as to a brightness.

"And every moth and bee
Shall near me reverently,
Wheeling round me, wheeling o'er me
Coronals of motioned glory.

"I ween the very skies
Will look down in surprise,
When low on earth they see me,
With my cloudy aspect dreamy.

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"E'en nightingales shall flee
Their woods for love of me,
Singing sadly all the suntide,
Never waiting for the moontide!

"Three larks shall leave a cloud,
To my whiter beauty vow'd,
Singing gladly all the moontide,
Never waiting for the suntide

So praying did she win
South winds to let her in,
In her loneness, in her loneness
And the fairer for that oneness.

But out, alas, for her!
No thing did minister
To her praises, to her praises,
More than might unto a daisy's.

No tree nor bush was seen
To boast a perfect green,
Scarcely having, scarcely having
One leaf broad enow for waving.

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The little flies did crawl
Along the southern wall,
Faintly shifting, faintly shifting
Wings scarce strong enow for lifting.

The nightingale did please
To loiter beyond seas,
Guess him in the happy islands,
Hearing music from the silence.

The lark too high or low,
Did haply miss her so—
With his crest down in the gorses,
And his song in the star-courses!

Only the bee, forsooth,
Came in the place of both—
Doing honour, doing honour,
To the honey-dews upon her.

The skies look'd coldly down
As on a royal crown;
Then, drop by drop, at leisure,
Began to rain for pleasure.

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Whereat the earth did seem
To waken from a dream,
Winter frozen, winter frozen,
Her anguish eyes unclosing.

Said to the rose, "Ha, Snow!
And art thou fallen so?
Thou who wert enthroned stately
Along my mountains lately.

"Holla, thou world-wide snow
And art thou wasted so?
With a little bough to catch thee
And a little bee to watch thee?"

Poor rose, to be misknown!
Would she had ne'er been blown,
In her loneness, in her loneness,
All the the sadder for that oneness.

Some words she tried to say,
Some sigh—ah, well away!
But the passion did o'ercome her,
And the fair frail leaves dropp'd from her.

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Dropp'd from her, fair and mute,
Close to a poet's foot,
Who beheld them, smiling lowly,
As at something sad and holy;

Said, "Verily and thus,
So chanceth e'er with us,
Poets, ringing sweetest snatches,
While deaf did men keep the watches

"Saunting to come before
Our own age evermore,
In a loneness, in a loneness,
And the nobler for that oneness

"But if alone we be
Where is our empiry?
And if none can reach our stature
Who will mate our lofty nature?

"What bell will yield a tone
Saving in the air alone?
If no brazen clapper bringing,
Who can bear the chimêd ringing

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"What angel but would seem
To sensual eyes glent-dim?
And without assimilation,
Vain is interpenetration!

"Alas! what can we do,
The rose and poet too,
Who both antedate our mission
In an unprepared season?

'Drop leaf—be silent song—
Cold things we came among!
We must warm them, we must warm them
Ere we even hope to charm them.

"Howbeit," here his face
Highten'd around the place,
So to mark the outward turning
Of his spirit's inward burning.

"Something it is to hold
In God's worlds manifold.
First reveal'd to creatures duty,
A new form of His mild beauty.

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"Whether that form respect
The sense or intellect,
Holy rest in soul or pleasance,
The chief Beauty's sign of presence.

"Holy in me and thee,
Rose fallen from the tree,
Though the world stand dumb around us
All unable to expound us.

Though none us deign to bless,
Blessed are we natheless;
Blessed age and consecrated
In that, Rose, we were created!

"Oh, shame to poet's lays,
Sung for the dole of praise—
Hoarsely sung upon the highway,
With an '*obolum da mihi!*'

"Shame! shame to poet's soul,
Pining for such a dole,
When heaven-called to inherit
The high throne of his own spirit!

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"Sit still upon your thrones,
O ye poetic ones!
And if, sooth, the world decry you,
Why, let that world pass by you!

"Ye to yourselves suffice,
Without its flatteries;
Self-contentedly approve you
Unto Him who sits above you.

"In prayers that upward mount,
Like to a sunned fount,
And, in gushing back upon you,
Bring the music they have won you.

"In thanks for all the good
By poets understood—
For the sound of seraphs moving
Through the hidden depths of loving!

"For sights of things away,
Through fissures of the clay,—
Promised things, which *shall* be given
And sung ever up in heaven!

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"For life, so lonely vain,
For death, which breaks the chain—
For this sense of present sweetness,
And this yearning to completeness!"

ON A FADED VIOLET.

BY SHELLEY.

The odor from the flower is gone
Which, like thy kisses, breathed on me;
The color from the flower is flown,
Which glow'd of thee, and only thee!

A shrivel'd, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandon'd breast,
And mocks the heart, which yet is warm.
With cold and silent rest.

I weep—my tears revive it not!
I sigh—it breathes no more on me;
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.

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HARE-BELL.

SUBMISSION.

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

The dainty little Hare-bell
  Is pleasant to the sight,
With its tiny azure petals,
  And stem so long and slight.

A timid, fearful flow'ret,
  It trembleth at the breeze,
With a constant shiv'ring motion
  Like the leaves of Aspen trees.

So very frail and feeble
  Appears its tender form,
It scarce seems fit to buffet
  With a single raging storm.

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But when the whirl-wind soundeth
A strong tempestuous blast,
Its head it gently boweth
'Till the angry wind hath past

Then from the stormy conflict,
With winning, quiet grace,
Unharmed, once more it riseth
To its own accustomed place.

For He, to whom it oweth
The beauty of its form,
Hath in His goodness given
The strength to meet the storm.

I love this little flowret,
And in its yielding grace,
Oft in my thoughtful fancy
Imagine I can trace

Resemblance to a dear one,
Who hath in real life,
Bowed with such calm submission
To storms of angry strife.

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Tho' feeble, frail and helpless,
God makes her strong to bear
The storms of dark affliction,
And weight of weary care.

THE FORGET ME NOT.

Not on the mountain's shelving side,
Nor in the cultivated ground,
Nor in the garden's painted pride,
The flower I seek is found.

Where Time on sorrow's page of gloom
Has fix'd its envious lot,
Or swept the record from the tomb.
It says, Forget-me-not.

And this is still the loveliest flower.
The fairest of the fair,
Of all that deck my lady's bower,
Or bind her floating hair.

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LOVE SHUT OUT OF THE FLOWER GARDEN

BY MRS. LAWRENCE.

CLOSE the porch and bar the door! —
Onward may thy foot-steps stray:
Never more an idle hour,
Bend thou here thy treacherous way.

HEART'S-EASE tremble all around,
As thy wild breath wanders by;
ROSES, to thy bosom bound,
Yield their latest, sweetest sigh.

Cruel boy!—abjured and scorned,
Hear thy blushing trophies glow;
LOVE-LIES-BLEEDING, all around—
Speed thee! dangerous vagrant—go!

Where yon fountain sparkles clear,
Low beneath its willowy shade,
Nurslings of one parent born,
LOVE-AND-IDLENESS have played.

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Where yon wild ROSE flaunts her flowers,
(Once its garlands bound my hair)
Changed for me those sunny hours,
Thou thy thorns hast planted there

Frailest WOODBINE, all untwined,
Wanders here, forlorn and free;
Emblem of the maiden's mind,
Who has placed her trust in thee

How within my calm retreat,
Could thy truant footsteps stray?
Bowed beneath thy breath's control,
Did my steadiest fence give way.

PASSION'S FLOWERS are past and gone;
Still around one lovely spot,
All her turquoise gems unchanged,
Blooms the meek FORGET-ME-NOT.

Once beneath thy fickle power,
Glowed the hour or gloomed the day;
Now my chastened bosom owns
Wisdom's rule and Reason's sway.

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Leave me to my new found peace;
  Leave me to my late repose:
Here at length my troubles cease—
  Here my heart forgets its woes

Joy, of purer influence born,
  Hope of loftier aim I know—
Now thy stormy power I scorn;
  Leave me, child!—thou need'st must go.

Art thou fled without a word?
  Closed the porch and barred the door:
Are thy loved companions gone?
  Fair-haired youth had flown before.

Must I from each idol part;
  To each transport bid adieu,
Which around my youthful heart
  Once its blest delusions threw?

Yet sweet Love! with tears and grief,
  I thy wings receding see;
Sorrow still on parting waits,—
  Hope and joy retire with thee!

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THE CAPTIVE AND THE FLOWERS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

CAPTIVE.

A FLOWER that's wondrous fair, I know,
My bosom holds it dear;
To seek that flower I long to go,
But am imprison'd here.
'Tis no light grief oppresses me;
For in the days my steps were free,
I had it always near.
Far round the tower I send mine eye,
The tower so steep and tall;
But nowhere can the flower descry
From this high castle wall;
And him who'll bring me my desire
Or be he knight, or be he squire,
My dearest friend I'll call.

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ROSE.

My blossoms near thee I disclose,
And hear thy wretched plight;
Thou meanest me, no doubt, the rose,
Thou noble, hapless knight.
A lofty mind in thee is seen,
And in thy bosom reigns the queen
Of flowers, as is her right.

CAPTIVE.

Thy crimson bud I duly prize
In outer robe of green;
For this thou'rt dear in maiden's eyes,
As gold and jewels' sheen.
Thy wreath adorns the fairest brow,
And yet the flower—it is not thou,
Whom my still wishes mean.

LILY.

The little rose has cause for pride,
And upwards aye will soar;
Yet am I held by many a bride
The rose's wreath before.

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And bears thy bosom faithfully,
And art thou true, and pure as I,
Thou'lt prize the lily more.

CAPTIVE.

I call myself both chaste and pure,
And pure from passions low:
And yet these walls my limbs immure
In loneliness and woe.
Though thou dost seem, in white array'd,
Like many a pure and beauteous maid,
One dearer thing I know.

PINK.

And dearer I, the pink, must be,
And me thou sure dost choose
O else the gard'ner ne'er for me
Such watchful care would use;
A crowd of leaves enriching bloom!
And mine through life the sweet perfume,
And all the thousand hues.

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CAPTIVE.

The pink can no one justly slight,
The gard'ner's favorite flower;
He sets it now beneath the light,
Now shields it from its power.
Yet 'tis not pomp, who o'er the rest
In splendor shines, can make me blest;
It is a still, small flower.

VIOLET.

I stand conceal'd, and bending low,
And do not love to speak;
Yet will I, as 'tis fitting now,
My wonted silence break.
For if 'tis I, thou gallant man,
Thy heart desires, thine, if I can,
My perfumes all I'll make.

CAPTIVE.

The violet I esteem indeed,
So modest and so kind

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Its fragrance sweet yet more I need,
To soothe mine anguish'd mind.
To you the truth will I confess;
Here, 'mid this rocky dreariness,
My love I ne'er shall find.
The truest wife by yonder brook
Will roam the mournful day,
And hither cast the anxious look,
Long as immured I stay.
Whene'er she breaks a small blue flower
And says, "Forget me not!" the power
I feel, though far away.
Yes, e'en though far, I feel its might,
For true love joins us twain,
And therefore 'mid the dungeon's night
I still in life remain.
And sinks my heart at my hard lot,
I but exclaim, "Forget me not!"
And straight new life regain.

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Language and Sentiments of Flowers,

CONTAINING

THE NAME OF EVERY FLOWER TO WHICH A SENTIMENT HAS BEEN ASSIGNED.

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THE HAND-BOOK

OF THE

LANGUAGE & SENTIMENT OF FLOWERS.

INTRODUCTORY OBSERVATIONS.

By all those token-flowers that tell
What words can ne'er express so wel..

BYRON

OF all the varied productions of nature, there is none more agreeable and pleasing to the senses and to the imagination than flowers. Historical and fabulous records connect them with great and important events. The Greeks and Romans decorated the altars of their gods with flowers in their holy feasts; and they crowned themselves with wreaths of flowers: and on days of

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great solemnity, placed bouquets upon their tables. Keats thus rehearses the custom:—

Garlands of every green, and every scent,
From vales deflower'd, or forest trees branch-rent,
In baskets of bright osiered gold were brought,
High as the handles heaped, to suit the thought
Of every guest, that each as he did please
Might fancy fit his brows, silk-pillowed at his ease

At their bridal festivals—

It was the custom there to bring away
The bride from home at blushing shut of day
Veiled in a chariot, heralded along
By strewn flowers, torches, and a marriage song.

In modern times, flowers are introduced on festive occasions, in various places. On Saints' days, in Roman catholic countries, "processions are formed which pass under arches hung with boughs, occasionally pausing before altars covered with flowers. There the eye dwells with delight on the most beautiful garlands; and the attendants, who are numerous, are ornamented with the rarest flowers. The streets are strewed with them; choristers carry baskets full of roses and yellow broom, which they throw at intervals before the sacred altars. Ladies, too, who

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join the procession, bear baskets of flowers, which they offer to the saints. The sweet scents of the rose, cassia, jessamine, orange, and tuberose, mingle with the odor of the burning incense, and almost overpower the senses."

And we have May day, though now alas! the festivities of that day are becoming less universally celebrated. Either the inhabitants of once "merrie England" are less light-hearted than in days of yore, or there is less sociality among us; and perhaps the coldness of the season has tended somewhat toward its desuetude.

But we must now turn more immediately to notice flowers in connexion with language, and we shall find that nearly all nations are acquainted with the language or sentiment of flowers. The custom of using flowers as a means of conveying thoughts and sentiments is of Eastern origin, and of very remote antiquity; we find them as images of some poetical idea, or as representing a virtuous or vicious quality, frequently introduced in oriential writings, both sacred and profane. Some, consecrated to tender

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and affectionate remembrances, serve to feed the melancholy mind; while others more numerous than the latter, awaken ideas of glory and happiness, or form a secret and mysterious language for the use of friends and lovers. Percival, in writing of the Sentiment of Flowers, thus sings:—

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

The rose is the sign of joy and love,
Young blushing love in its earliest dawn;
And the mildness that suits the gentle dove,
From the myrtle's snowy flower is drawn.

Innocence shines in the lily's bell,
Pure as a heart in its native heaven;
Fame's bright star and glory's swell,
By the glossy leaf of the bay are given.

The silent, soft, and humble heart,
In the violet's hidden sweetness breathes;
And the tender soul that can not part,
A twine of evergreen fondly wreaths.

The cypress that darkly shades the grave,
Is sorrow that mourns its bitter lot;
And faith that a thousand ills can brave,
Speaks in thy blue leaves, Forget-me-not.

Then gather a wreath from thy garden bowers,
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers

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The Lady Mary Wortley Montague, is supposed to have first made known this eastern custom to Europeans. When residing at Pera, she sent a Turkish love-letter to a friend in England, from which we extract the botanical emblems.

Clove.	You are as slender as this clove!
	You are an unblown rose!
	I have long loved you, and you have not known it.
Jonquil.	Have pity on my passion!
Pear.	Give me some hope!
A Rose.	May you be pleased, and your sorrows mine!
A Straw.	Suffer me to be your slave!
Cinnamon.	But my fortune is yours!
Pepper.	Send me an answer!

Her ladyship states that there is no flower without a verse belonging to it; and that it is possible to quarrel, reproach, or send letters of passion, friendship, or civility, or even of news without ever inking the fingers.

The sentiments which in our little handbook we have ascribed to the flowers, are chiefly derived from the ancients, though some are of a more modern adaptation. The ancients in assiguing a flower as an emblem

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of some quality, did so either from its connexion with some mythological, warlike, or historical event, or from the circumstance of the predominating quality of the plant being similar to that which it was intended to represent. In the research we were compelled to make, in preparing for publication "The Sentiment of Flowers,"* we found that time, instead of rendering their sentiments less appropriate, had confirmed their fitness, and continually added new charms to the language.

Little study is necessary to become a proficient in the science here taught; nature has been before us. It will be sufficient to give two or three rules, which the reader will do well to learn, and then by reference to the Vocabulary he will be enabled to converse in the language of flowers. By the first rule, a flower, presented inclining to the right, expresses a thought; reversed, it is understood to convey the contrary of that

* In most cases, this book gives the reason why a flower is made emblematical of the quality it represents

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sentiment. For example: A rose-bud, with its thorns and leaves, is understood to say, "I fear but I hope." The same reversed, would signify that "You must neither fear nor hope." You may convey your sentiments very well by a single flower. As the second rule:—take the rose-bud which has already served us for an example, and strip it of its thorns, it tells you that "There is everything to hope." Strip it of its leaves, it will express that "There is everything to fear."

The expression of nearly all flowers may be varied by changing their position. Thus, the marigold, for example: placed upon the head, it signifies "distress of mind;" upon the heart, "the pains of love;" upon the breast "ennui." It is also necessary to know that the pronoun *I* is understood by inclining the flower to the right, and the pronoun *thou* by inclining it to the left.

Such are the first principles of this mysterious language. Love and friendship ought to join their discoveries to render it more perfect; these sentiments, the most

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delightful in nature, are alone able to perfect what they have originated.

We shall conclude this introduction with the following lines from Burns, on the "Emblems of Flowers."

Adown winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

The daisy amused my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild:
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
For she is simplicity's child.

The rose-bud's the blush of my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis press'd;
How fair and how pure is the lily,
But fairer and purer her breast.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbor,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie;
Her breath is the breath of the woodbine,
Its dew drop o' diamond her eye.

Her voice is the song of the morning,
That wakes through the green-spreading grove
When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
On music, and pleasure, and love.

But beauty, how frail and how fleeting,
The bloom of a fine summer's day!
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Will flourish without a decay!

Digitized by Google

FLOWERS,

WITH THE

SENTIMENTS WHICH THEY REPRESENT

A Broken Straw.....Dissension; Rupture
A Rose Leaf.....I never importune.
A tuft of Moss .....Maternal love.
Acacia.....Platonic love.
Acacia Rose .....Elegance.
Aconite: Wolf's Bane.Misanthropy.
Aconite-Leaved Crow-
foot, or Fair Maid of
France.....Lustre.
African Marygold.....Vulgar minds.
Agnus Castus .....Coldness; to live with-
out love.
Agrimony.....Thankfulness.

Digitized by Google

Allspice (Calycanthus).Benevolence.
Almond Laurel .....Perfidy.
Almond-Tree .....Indiscretion; Promise.
Aloe.....Acute sorrow: Bitterness.
Althæa Frutex .....Persuasion.
Amaranth .....Immortality.
Amaryllis.....Haughtiness: Pride.
Ambrosia .....Love returned.
American Cowslip ...You are my Divinity.
Amethyst.....Admiration.
Angelica .....Inspiration.
Apple .....Temptation.
Apple Blossom .....Preference.
Arbor Vitæ.....Unchanging friendship; Old age.
Ash-Tree.....Grandeur.
Aspen-Tree.....Lamentation.
Asphodel.....My regrets follow you to the grave.
Auricula.....Painting.
Austrian Rose.....Very lovely.
Azalea.....Temperance.

Digitized by Google

Bachelor's Buttons....Hope in love.
Balm .....Social intercourse.
Balm-gentle.....Pleasantry.
Balm of Gilead.....Healing.
Balsam (noli-metan-
gere) .....Impatience.
Barberry .....Sourness; Sharpness.
Basil.....Hatred.
Bee Ophrys.....Error.
Bee Orchis.....Industry.
Beech .....Prosperity.
Bear's Breech (Acan-
thus) .....The Arts.
Belladonna .....Imagination.
Bilberry.....Treachery.
Bindweed.....Extinguish.
Broom .....Humility.
Bittersweet Nightshade.Truth.
Black Mulberry Tree..I will not survive you.
Black Poplar.....Courage.
Black Thorn.....Difficulty.
Bladder Nut Tree.....Frivolous amusement.
Blue Bottle Centaury..Delicacy.

Digitized by Google

Blue Canterbury Bell..Constancy.
Blue Periwinkle.....Early friendship.
Blue Violet.....Modesty.
Borage.....Bluntness.
Box.....Stoicism.
Bramble.....Envy.
Branch of Currants ...You please all.
Branch of Thorns ....Severity; Rigor.
Bridal Rose.....Happy love.
Broom .....Neatness.
Buckbean.....Calm; Repose.
Bugloss .....Falsehood.
Burdock.....Importunity.
Buttercups.....Ingratitude.
Butterfly Orchis .....Gayety.

Cabbage .....Profit.
Cacalia .....Adulation.
Cactus.....I burn.
Calla .....Magnificent beauty.
Camellia Japonica....Unpretending excellence
Campanula, or Pyramidal Bell Flower...Gratitude.

Digitized by Google

Candy Tuft.....Architecture.
Cardinal Flower.....Distinction.
Canary Grass.....Perseverance.
Carnation.....Pride and Beauty.
Carolina Rose.....Love is dangerous.
Cashew Nut.....Perfume.
Cedar of Lebanon....Incorruptible.
Cedar-Tree: Fennel..Strength.
Camomile.....Energy in adversity.
Checkered Fritillary...Persecution.
Cherry-Tree.....Good education.
Chestnut-Tree.....Do me justice.
China Aster.....Variety.
China, or Indian Pink..Aversion.
China, or Monthly Rose.Beauty ever new.
Chrysanthemum.....Cheerfulness under adversity.
Cinquefoil.....Beloved daughter.
Citron.....Beauty with ill humor.
Clove scented Pink...Dignity.
Cobœa.....Gossip.
Cock's Comb (Crested Amaranth).....Singularity.

Digitized by Google

Columbine.....Folly.
Convolvulus, Blue ....Repose.
Convolvulus, Major...Dangerous insinuator.
Convolvulus, Pink....Worth sustained by judicious and tender affection.
Coreopsis .....Always cheerful.
Coriander .....Hidden merit.
Corn Cockle (Rose Campion).....Gentility.
Cornell-Tree.....Duration.
Coronella .....Success crown your wishes.
Cowslip.....Pensiveness.
Crown Imperial .....Majesty; Power.
Cuckoo Flower.....Paternal error.
Cuckoo Pint .....Ardor.
Cyclamen .....Diffidence.
Cypress and Marygold together.....Despair.
Cypress-Tree.....Mourning.

Daffodil .....Deceitful hope.

Digitized by Google

Dahlia.....Instability.
Daisy—Michaelmas...Cheerfulness.
Daisy ....Innocence.
Dandelion .....Oracle.
Darnel, or Ray Grass..Vice.
Dead leaves.....Sadness.
Dew Plant.....Serenade.
Dittany of Crete.....Birth.
Dittany, white.....Passion.
Dodder of Thyme .....Baseness.
Dog's Bane(Apocynum)Deceit; Falsehood
Dragon Plant, Catchfly Snare.

Ebony.....Blackness
Eglantine—Sweetbrier.Poetry.
Elder.....Compassion.
Enchanter's Night-
shade .....Fascination.
Endive.....Frugality.
Evening Primrose.....Inconstancy.
Everlasting, or Cotton
Weed .....Never ceasing remem-
brance.

Digitized by Google

Everlasting Pea .....Lasting pleasure.

False Narcissus .....Delusive hope.
Fern.....Sincerity.
Ficoides, or Ice Plant..Your looks freeze me.
Field Anemone.....Sickness.
Fig.....Argument.
Fig Marygold .....Idleness.
Fig-Tree .....Prolific.
Fir-Tree .....Elevation.
Flax.....I feel your kindness.
Flax.....Domestic industry.
Flax-leaved Goldy-
locks. Tardiness.
Flowering Fern.....Revery.
Flower of an Hour....Delicate beauty.
Fool's Parsley.....Silliness.
Fox Glove.....Insincerity.
Foxtail Grass .....Sporting.
Fraxinella .....Fire.
French Honeysuckle...Rustic beauty
French Marygold .....Jealousy.
Fumitory ....Spleen.

Digitized by Google

Garden Anemone .....Forsaken.
Garden Daisy .....I partake your sentiments.
Garden Marygold. ....Uneasiness and jealousy.
Garden Ranunculus...You are rich in attraction.
Garden Sage .....Esteem.
Garland of Roses .....Reward of virtue.
Geranium, Ivy.....Bridal favor.
Geranium, Nutmeg....Expected meeting.
Gillyflower.....Lasting beauty.
Globe Amaranth.....Unchangeable.
Goat's Rue .....Reason.
Golden Rod.....Precaution.
Goosefoot (Bonus Henricus).....Goodness.
Gorse.....Enduring affection.
Grass.....Utility.
Guelder Rose.....Winter of age.

Harebell .....Grief.
Hawkweed.....Quick-sightedness.

Digitized by Google

Hawthorn.....Hope.
Hazel.....Reconciliation.
Heath .....Solitude.
Helenium.....Tears.
Hellebore.....Female inconstancy.
Heliotrope .....Devotion.
Hemlock.....You will cause my death
Henbane.....Imperfection.
Hepatica, or Noble Liverwort.....Confidence.
Holly .....Foresight.
Hollyhock .....Fruitfulness.
Honesty (Lunaria)....Honesty.
Honey Flower.....Love, sweet and secret.
Honeysuckle .....Bonds of love.
Hop.....Injustice.
Hornbeam-Tree.....Ornament.
Horse-Chestnut .....Luxury.
House Leek.....Vivacity.
Houstonia Cerulea ....Content; Quiet happiness.
Hoya .....Sculpture.
Hundred-leaved Rose..Graces.

Digitized by Google

Hyacinth.....Game—Play.
Hydrangea (Hortensia) Boaster; You are cold.

Indian, or Sweet Scabious.....I have lost all.
Indian Pink.....Always lovely.
Iris.....Message.
Iris, German.....Flame.
Ivy.....Friendship in adversity.

Japan Rose.....Beauty is your only attraction.
Jonquil.....Desire.
Juniper.....Asylum; Protection.

King's Cups.....I wish I was rich.
Lady's Mantle.....Fashion.
Lady's Slipper.....Fickleness.
Larch—Pine.....Boldness.
Larkspur.....Levity; Lightness.
Laurel.....Glory.
Laurestine.....I die if neglected.
Lavender.....Acknowledgment.

Digitized by Google

Lemon .....Zest.
Lettuce.....Cold-hearted.
Lilac .....First emotion of love.
Lily of the Valley.....Return of happiness.
Linden, or Lime-Tree..Conjugal love.
Lint .....I feel all my obligations to you.
Lobelia .....Malevolence.
Locust Plant.....Affection beyond the grave.
London Pride .....Frivolity.
Lotus Flower .....Estranged love.
Love lies Bleeding ....Desertion.
Love in a Mist .....Embarrassment.
Lucern.....Life.
Lupine.....Dejection.
Lychnis .....Religious enthusiasm.

Madder .....Calumny.
Magnolia.....Love of nature.
Maiden Hair.....Discretion; Secrecy.
Mallow.....Sweet or mild disposition.

Digitized by Google

Manchinel-Tree .....Falsehood.
Mandrake .....Rarity.
Maple.....Reserve.
Majoram .....Blushes.
Marvel of Peru .....Timidity.
Marygold.....Inquietude.
May Rose .....Precocity.
Meadow Saffron .....My best days are past.
Meadow Sweet .....Uselessness.
Mezereon .....Desire to please.
Michaelmas Daisy ....Afterthought.
Mignonette .....Your qualities surpass your charms.
Milk Vetch .....Your presence softens my pains.
Mimosa .....Courtesy.
Mint; Snowball .....Virtue.
Mistletoe.....I surmount all difficulties.
Mock Orange, or Syringa (Philadelphus) .Fraternal love.
Monk's Hood .....Knight errantry.
Moonwort .....Forgetfulness.

Digitized by Google

Moschatel.....Weakness; Insignificance.
Moss Rose.....Pleasure without alloy.
Moss Rose bud.....Confession.
Moving Plant.....Agitation.
Mountain Laurel.....Ambition.
Mountain Pink.....Aspiring.
Mourning Geranium..Despondency.
Mouse-ear Chickweed.Ingenious simplicity.
Mushroom.....Suspicion.
Musk Rose.....Capricious beauty.
Myosotis, or Mouse-ear.Forget-me-not.
Myrobalan.....Privation.
Myrtle.....Love.

Nasturtium.....Patriotism.
Nettle.....Cruelty.
Night Convolvulus....Night.
Nightshade.....Dark thoughts.
Nosegay.....Gallantry.

Oak and Holly.....Hospitality.
Oak Leaf.....Bravery and Humanity

Digitized by Google

Olive Branch .....Peace.
Orange Flower.....Chastity.
Orange-Tree .....Generosity.
Orchis .....A belle.
Oriental Persicaria....Restoration.
Osier.....Frankness.

Palm .....Victory.
Pansy, or Heart's Ease. Thoughts, Pensez à moi, Think of me.
Parsley .....Entertainment; Feasting.
Pasque Flower Anemone.....You are without pretension.
Passion Flower.....Belief; Religious superstition.
Patience Dock .....Patience.
Peach Blossom .....I am your captive.
Periwinkle .....Sweet remembrances.
Periwinkle, red or white .....Delightful recollections.
Peruvian Heliotrope...I love you; Infatuation.

Digitized by Google

Pheasant's Eye (Adonis).....Sorrowful remembrances.
Phlox.....Unanimity.
Pimpernel.....Assignation.
Pine.....Pity.
Pine Apple.....You are perfect.
Pink.....Lively and pure affection.
Plum-Tree.....Keep your promises.
Poet's Narcissus.....Egotism.
Polyanthus.....Pride of riches.
Pomegranate.....Foolishness.
Pompon Rose.....Genteel; Pretty.
Poppy.....Consolation of sleep
Potato.....Beneficence.
Prickly Pear.....Satire.
Primrose.....Early youth.
Privet.....Prohibition.
Purple Cloves.....Provident.
Purple-eyed Succory Hawkweed.....Protection.
Purple lilac.....Fastidiousness.

Digitized by Google

Peony .....Bashful shame.
Plane-Tree .....Genius.

Quaking Grass.....Agitation.
Queen's Rocket .....She will be fashionable.

Ranunculus (R. Asiaticus) ..... You are radiant with charms.
Raspberry or Bramble. Remorse.
Red Double Pink.....Woman's love.
Red-leaved Rose.....Beauty and prosperity.
Red Pink.....Talent.
Red Poppy.....Evanescent pleasure.
Red Rose Bud.....Pure and lovely.
Red Tulip .....Declaration of love.
Red Valerian.....Accommodating disposition.
Reeds.....Music.
Rest Harrow.....Obstacle.
Ring Flower.....Marriage.
Rhododendron.....Danger.
Rocket .....Rivalry.
Rock Madwort .....Tranquillity.

Digitized by Google

Rock Rose (Cistus) ...Popular favor.
Rose.....Beauty.
Rose Bud.....Young girl.
Rose, Damask.....Freshness, or bloom of complexion.
Rose-colored Primrose.Unpatronised merit.
Rosebay Willowherb ..Celibacy.
Rosemary .....Your presence revives me.
Rose-scented Geranium.Preference.
Rudbeckia .....Justice.
Rue.....Purification.
Rush.....Docility; Complaisance

Saffron (Crocussativus).Mirth; Excess is dangerous.
Sardony .....Irony.
Scabious, Dark Blue...Unfortunate attachment Mourning bride.
Scarlet Fuchsia.....Taste.
Scarlet Geranium .....Comforting.
Scarlet Ipomæa; Indian Jasmine.....I attach myself to you.

Digitized by Google

Scarlet Lily.....High Soul.
Scarlet Nasturtium....Splendor.
Scarlet Poppy .....Fantastic extravagance.
Sea Lavender .....Dauntlessness.
Serpentine Cactus ....Horror.
Service-Tree .....Prudence.
Silver-leaved Geranium .....Recall.
Small Bindweed .....Obstinacy.
Small Cape Marygold..Presage.
Snake's Tongue .....Slander.
Snap Dragon.....Presumption.
Snowball-Tree .....Age.
Snowdrop.....Consolation.
Sorrowful Geranium...Melancholy spirit.
Southern Wood .....Jest; Bantering.
Spanish Jasmine .....Sensuality.
Speedwell .....Resemblance.
Spider Ophrys.....Skill.
Spiderwort..... ....Transient happiness.
Spindle-Tree .....Your image is engraven on my heart.
Spring Crocus.....Youthful gladness.

Digitized by Google

Spring Grass (Anthoxanthum) .....Fragrance
Spruce Pine.....Hope in adversity.
St. John's Wort.....Superstition.
Stinging Nettle .....Scandal.
Stramonium.....Disguise.
Strawberry .....Perfect excellence.
Striped Pink, or Carnation .....Refusal.
Starwort .....Afterthought.
Strawberry-Tree.....False pretension.
Sunflower .....False riches.
Swallow-wort .....Medicine.
Sweet-scented Clematis.Artifice.
Sweet-scented Tussilage, or Coltsfoot. Justice shall be done you.
Sweet Pea .....Delicate pleasure.
Sweet William.....Finesse.
Sweet Sultan; Blue Bottle.....Felicity.

Tall Sunflower .....Lofty and pure thoughts
Tamarisk. .....Crime.

Digitized by Google

Tansy; Tremella Nostoc ..... Resistance.
Teasle ..... Misanthropy.
Ten Weeks' Stock .... Promptitude.
Thistle ..... Austerity.
Thorn Apple; Monk's Hood ..... Deceitful charms.
Thrift ..... Sympathy.
Throat Wort ..... Neglected beauty.
Thyme ..... Activity.
Toothwort ..... Secret love.
Trefoil ..... Unity.
Truffle ..... Surprise.
Trumpet Flower (Bignonia) ..... Separation.
Tuberose ..... Voluptuousness.
Tulip-Tree ..... Fame.
Turnip and Wild Grape. Charity.

Variegated Tulip ..... Beautiful eyes.
Various-colored Lantana ..... Rigor.
Venice Sumach ..... Intellectual excellence.

Digitized by Google

Venus's Looking Glass..Flattery.
Verbena.....Sensibility.
Vernal Grass.....Poor, but happy.
Veronica .....Fidelity in friendship
Vervain .....Enchantment.
Vine.....Intoxication.
Virginian Jasmine ....Separation.
Virgin's Bower.....Filial love.

Wake Robin .....Ardor.
Wallflower .....Fidelity in adversity.
Water Lily .....Eloquence.
Watermelon .....Bulkiness.
Water Willow.....Freedom.
Weeping Willow .....Melancholy.
Wheat .....Riches.
White Daisy .....I will think of it.
White Jasmine .....Amiability.
White Lilac.....Youth.
White Lily .....Purity and Modesty.
White Mulberry-Tree..Wisdom.
White Mullein .....Good nature.
White Periwinkle.....Pleasures of memory.

Digitized by Google

White Pink.....Fair and fascinating.
White Poplar .....Time.
White Poppy .....Sleep of the heart.
White Rose.....Silence.
White Rose Bud.....Heart ignorant of love
White Violet.....Candor.
White Water Lily ....Purity of heart.
Wild Honeysuckle ....Inconstancy in love.
Wild, or Dog Rose....Simplicity.
Wild Plum-Tree.....Independence.
Wild Sorrel.....Paternal affection.
Willow Herb; Lythrum.Pretension.
Winter Cherry . .....Deception.
Witch Hazel .....Spell bound.
Woodbine .....Fraternal love.
Wood Sorrel .....Maternal tenderness.
Wormwood .....Absence.

Yarrow; Milfoil.....War.
Yellow Amaryllis.....Pride.
Yellow Carnation ....Disdain.
Yellow Day Lily; Mezereon ..... .Coquetry.

Digitized by Google

Yellow Iris .....Flame.
Yellow Jasmine .....Grace and Elegance.
Yellow Lily.....Playful gayety.
Yellow Marygold.....Sacred affections.
Yellow Rose.....Infidelity.
Yellow Violet.....Rustic happiness.
Yew..... .....Sorrow.

Digitized by Google

SENTIMENTS,

AND

THE FLOWERS BY WHICH THEY ARE REPRESENTED.

A belle.....Orchis.
Absence .....Wormwood.
Accommodating disposition.....Red Valerian.
Acknowledgment .....Lavender.
Activity .....Thyme.
Acute sorrow; Bitterness .....Aloe.
Admiration.....Amethyst.
Adulation .....Cacalia.
Affection beyond the grave .....Locust Plant.

Digitized by Google

Afterthought .....Starwort.
Afterthought.....Michaelmas Daisy.
Agitation.....Moving Plant.
Agitation.....Quaking Grass.
Always cheerful.....Coreopsis.
Always lovely.....Indian Pink.
Ambition.....Mountain Laurel.
Amiability.....White Jasmine.
Architecture .....Candy Tuft.
Ardor.....Wake Robin; Cuckoo Pint.
Argument .....Fig.
Artifice .....Sweet-scented Clematis
Arts (The) .....Bear's Breech (Acanthus).
Age .....Snowball-Tree.
Aspiring .....Mountain Pink.
Assignation.....Pimpernel.
Asylum; Protection...Juniper.
Austerity.....Thistle.
Aversion ..... China, or Indian Pink.

Baseness . . . .Dodder of Thyme.

Digitized by Google

Bashful shame.....Peony.
Beautiful eyes .....Variegated Tulip.
Beauty.....Rose.
Beauty and prosperity.Red-leaved Rose.
Beauty is your only attraction .....Japan Rose.
Beauty ever new.....China, or Monthly Rose
Beauty with ill humor..Citron.
Belief; Religious superstition.....Passion Flower.
Beloved daughter .....Cinquefoil.
Beneficence.....Potato.
Benevolence .....Allspice (Calycanthus).
Birth .....Dittany of Crete.
Blackness .....Ebony.
Bluntness.....Borage.
Blushes .....Majoram.
Boaster; You are cold.Hydrangea (Hortensia)
Boldness .....Larch; Pine.
Bonds of love .....Honeysuckle.
Bravery and Humanity.Oak Leaf.
Bridal favor.....Ivy Geranium.
Bulkiness .....Watermelon.

Digitized by Google

Calm; Repose.....Buckbean.
Calumny.....Madder.
Candor.....White Violet.
Capricious beauty....Musk Rose.
Celibacy.....Rosebay Willowherb.
Charity.....Turnip and Wild Grape.
Chastity.....Orange Flower.
Cheerfulness.....Michaelmas Daisy.
Cheerfulness under adversity.....Chrysanthemum.
Cold-hearted.....Lettuce.
Coldness; to live without love.....Agnus Castus.
Comforting.....Scarlet Geranium.
Compassion.....Elder.
Confession.....Moss Rose bud.
Confidence.....Hepatica, or Noble Liverwort.
Conjugal love.....Linden, or Lime-Tree.
Consolation.....Snowdrop.
Consolation of sleep...Poppy.
Constancy.....Blue Canterbury Bell.

Digitized by Google

Content; Quiet happiness .....Houstonia Cerulea.
Coquetry.....Yellow Day Lily; Mezereon.
Courage .....Black Poplar.
Courtesy .....Mimosa.
Crime .....Tamarisk.
Cruelty.....Nettle

Danger.....Rhododendron.
Dangerous insinuator..Convolvulus, Major.
Dark thoughts.....Nightshade.
Dauntlessness.....Sea Lavender.
Deceit; Falsehood....Dog's Bane(Apocynum)
Deceitful charms.....Thorn Apple; Monk's Hood.
Deceitful hope .....Daffodil.
Deception .....Winter Cherry.
Declaration of love....Red Tulip.
Dejection.....Lupine.
Delicacy .....Blue Bottle Centaury.
Delicate beauty.....Flower of an Hour.
Delicate pleasure.....Sweet Pea.

Digitized by Google

Delightful recollections.Periwinkle, red or white.
Delusive hope.....False Narcissus.
Desire.....Jonquil.
Desire to please.....Mezereon.
Desertion .....Love lies Bleeding.
Despair.....Cypress and Marygold together.
Despondency.....Mourning Geranium.
Devotion .....Heliotrope.
Difficulty.....Black Thorn.
Diffidence .....Cyclamen.
Dignity .....Clove scented Pink.
Discretion; Secrecy...Maiden Hair.
Disdain .....Yellow Carnation.
Disguise .....Stramonium.
Dissension; Rupture..A Broken Straw.
Distinction .....Cardinal Flower.
Do me justice .....Chestnut-Tree.
Docility; Complaisance.Rush.
Domestic industry ....Flax.
Duration .....Cornell-Tree.

Digitized by Google

Early friendship .....Blue Periwinkle.
Early youth .....Primrose.
Egotism .....Poet's Narcissus.
Elegance .....Acacia Rose.
Elevation .....Fir-Tree.
Eloquence .....Water Lily.
Embarrassment .....Love in a Mist.
Enchantment .....Vervain.
Enduring affection....Gorse.
Energy in adversity ...Camomile.
Entertainment; Feasting .....Parsley.
Envy .....Bramble.
Error .....Bee Ophrys.
Esteem .....Garden Sage.
Estranged love .....Lotus Flower.
Evanescent pleasure...Red Poppy.
Expected meeting.....Geranium, Nutmeg
Extinguish .....Bindweed.

Fair and fascinating...White Pink.
False pretension.....Strawberry-Tree.
False riches.. .....Sunflower.

Digitized by Google

Falsehood .....Manchineel-Tree.
Falsehood .....Bugloss.
Fame.....Tulip-Tree.
Fantastic extravagance.Scarlet Poppy.
Fascination.....Enchanter's Night-shade.
Fashion .....Lady's Mantle.
Fastidiousness .....Purple lilac.
Felicity .....Sweet Sultan; Blue Bottle.
Female inconstancy ..Hellebore.
Fickleness.....Lady's Slipper.
Fidelity in adversity...Wallflower.
Fidelity in friendship..Veronica.
Filial love.....Virgin's Bower.
Finesse .....Sweet William.
Fire .....Fraxinella.
First emotion of love...Lilac.
Flame .....Yellow Iris.
Flattery.....Venus's Looking Glass.
Folly .....Columbine.
Foolishness.....Pomegranate.
Foresight..... ...Holly.

Digitized by Google

Forget-me-not.....Myosotis, or Mouse-ear.
Forgetfulness .....Moonwort.
Forsaken.... .....Garden Anemone.
Fragrance .....Spring Grass (Anthoxanthum).
Frankness .....Osier.
Fraternal love .....Woodbine; Mock Orange, or Syringa (Philadelphus).
Freedom .....Water Willow.
Freshness, or bloom of complexion.....Damask Rose.
Friendship in adversity.Ivy.
Frivolity.....London Pride.
Frivolous amusement..Bladder Nut Tree.
Frugality.....Endive.
Fruitfulness.....Hollyhock.

Gayety.....Butterfly Orchis.
Gallantry.....Nosegay.
Game—Play.....Hyacinth.
Generosity.....Orange-Tree.
Genius..... .....Plane-Tree.

Digitized by Google

Genteel; Pretty.....Pompon Rose.
Gentility .....Corn Cockle (Rose Campion).
Glory .....Laurel.
Good education.....Cherry-Tree.
Good nature .....White Mullein.
Goodness.....Goosefoot (Bonus Henricus).
Gossip .....Cobœa.
Grace and Elegance...Yellow Jasmine.
Graces.....Ash-Tree.
Grandeur.....Hundred-leaved Rose.
Gratitude.....Campanula, or Pyramidal Bell Flower.
Grief .....Harebell.

Happy love .....Bridal Rose.
Hatred .....Basil.
Haughtiness; Pride ...Amaryllis.
Healing .....Balm of Gilead.
Heart ignorant of love.White Rose Bud.
Hidden merit .....Coriander.
High Soul .....Scarlet Lily

Digitized by Google

Honesty .....Honesty (Lunaria).
Hope .....Hawthorn.
Hope in adversity.....Spruce Pine.
Hope in love .....Bachelor's Buttons.
Horror .....Serpentine Cactus.
Hospitality .....Oak and Holly.
Humility .....Broom.

I am your captive.....Peach Blossom.
I attach myself to you .Scarlet Ipomœa; Indian Jasmine.
I burn .....Cactus.
I die if neglected.....Laurestine.
I feel all my obligations to you.....Lint.
I feel your kindness ...Flax.
I have lost all.....Indian, or Sweet Scabious.
I love you; Infatuation .....Peruvian Heliotrope.
I never importune.....A Rose Leaf.
I partake your sentiments ....Garden Daisy.

Digitized by Google

I surmount all difficulties .....Mistletoe.
I will not survive you..Black Mulberry Tree.
I will think of it .....White Daisy.
I wish I was rich .....King's Cups.
Idleness .....Fig Marygold.
Imagination.....Belladonna.
Immortality .....Amaranth.
Impatienee.....Balsam (noli-metangere).
Imperfection .....Henbane.
Importunity.....Burdock.
Inconstancy.....Evening Primrose.
Inconstancy in love ...Wild Honeysuckle.
Incorruptible.....Cedar of Lebanon.
Independence .....Wild Plum-Tree.
Indiscretion; Promise..Almond-Tree.
Industry.....Bee Orchis.
Infidelity .....Yellow Rose.
Ingenious simplicity...Mouse-ear Chickweed
Ingratitude.....Buttercups.
Injustice .....Hop.
Innocence ....Daisy

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Inquietude.....Marygold.
Insincerity.....Fox Glove.
Inspiration.....Angelica.
Instability.....Dahlia.
Intellectual excellence.Venice Sumach.
Intoxication .....Vine
Irony .....Sardony.

Jealousy .....French Marygold.
Jest; Bantering.....Southern Wood.
Justice.....Rudbeckia.
Justice shall be done you. Sweet-scented Tussilage, or Coltsfoot.

Keep your promises....Plum-Tree.
Knight errantry .....Monk's Hood.

Lamentation .....Aspen-Tree.
Lasting beauty .....Gillyflower.
Lasting pleasure.....Everlasting Pea.
Levity; Lightness ....Larkspur.
Life .....Lucern.
Lively & pure affection.Pink.

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Lofty and pure thoughts.Tall Sunflower.
Love .....Myrtle.
Love is dangerous ....Carolina Rose.
Love of nature .....Magnolia.
Love returned.....Ambrosia.
Love, sweet and secret.Honey Flower.
Lustre.....Aconite-Leaved Crow-
foot, or Fair Maid of
France.
Luxury .....Horse-Chestnut.

Magnificent beauty....Calla.
Majesty; Power.....Crown Imperial.
Malevolence .....Lobelia.
Marriage.....Ring Flower.
Maternal love.....A tuft of Moss.
Maternal tenderness ..Wood Sorrel.
Medicine.....Swallow-wort.
Melancholy .....Weeping Willow.
Melancholy spirit.....Sorrowful Geranium.
Message .....Iris.
Mirth; Excess is dan-
gerous .....Saffron (Crocussativus)

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Misanthropy.....Teasle; Aconite; Wolf's Bane.
Modesty.....Blue Violet.
Mourning.....Cypress-Tree.
Music.....Reeds.
My regrets follow you to the grave.....Asphodel.
My best days are past.Meadow Saffron.

Neatness.....Broom.
Neglected beauty.....Throat Wort.
Never ceasing remembrance.....Everlasting, or Cotton Weed.
Night.....Night Convolvulus.

Obstacle.....Rest Harrow.
Obstinacy.....Small Bindweed.
Oracle.....Dandelion.
Ornament.....Hornbeam-Tree.

Painting.....Auricula.
Passion.....Dittany, white.
Paternal affection.....Wild Sorrel.

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Paternal error.....Cuckoo Flower.
Patience .....Patience Dock.
Patriotism .....Nasturtium.
Peace.....Olive Branch.
Pensiveness.....Cowslip.
Perfect excellence....Strawberry.
Perfidy.....Almond Laurel.
Perfume.....Cashew Nut.
Persecution .....Checkered Fritillary.
Perseverance.....Canary Grass.
Persuasion.....Althæa Frutex.
Pity .....Pine.
Platonic love .....Acacia.
Pleasantry.....Balm-gentle.
Pleasures of memory ..White Periwinkle.
Poetry.....Eglantine—Sweetbrier.
Poor, but happy .....Vernal Grass.
Popular favor .....Rock Rose (Cistus).
Playful gayety .....Yellow Lily.
Pleasure without alloy .Moss Rose.
Precaution.....Golden Rod.
Preference.....Apple Blossom; Rose-scented Geranium.

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Precocity.....May Rose.
Presage .....Small Cape Marygold.
Presumption .....Snap Dragon.
Pretension.....Willow Herb; Lythrum.
Pride. .....Yellow Amaryllis.
Pride and Beauty .....Carnation.
Pride of riches .....Polyanthus.
Privation.....Myrobalan.
Profit .....Cabbage.
Prohibition .....Privet.
Prolific.....Fig-Tree.
Promptitude.....Ten Weeks' Stock.
Prosperity .....Beech.
Protection .....Purple-eyed Succory Hawkweed.
Provident .....Purple Cloves.
Prudence.....Service-Tree.
Pure and lovely .....Red Rose Bud.
Purification.....Rue.
Purity and Modesty ...White Lily.
Purity of heart.....White Water Lily.

Quicksightedness .....Hawkweed.

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Rarity .....Mandrake.
Reason.....Goat's Rue.
Recall .....Silver-leaved Geranium.
Reconciliation.....Hazel.
Refusal .....Striped Pink, or Carnation.
Religious enthusiasm..Lychnis.
Remorse .....Raspberry or Bramble.
Repose.....Convolvulus, Blue
Resemblance.....Speedwell.
Reserve .....Maple.
Resistance.....Tansy; Tremella Nostoc.
Restoration.....Oriental Persicaria.
Return of happiness...Lily of the Valley.
Revery.....Flowering Fern.
Reward of virtue .....Garland of Roses.
Rigor.....Various-colored Lanta

Rivalry .....Rocket.
Rustic beauty .....French Honeysuckle.
Rustic happiness .....Yellow Violet.

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Riches.....Wheat.

Sacred affections.....Yellow Marygold.
Sadness .....Dead leaves.
Satire.....Prickly Pear.
Scandal .....Stinging Nettle.
Sculpture.....Hoya.
Secret love .....Toothwort.
Sensibility.....Verbena.
Sensuality .....Spanish Jasmine.
Separation.....Virginian Jasmine.
Separation.....Trumpet Flower (Bignonia).
Serenade .....Dew Plant.
Severity; Rigor .....Branch of Thorns.
She will be fashionable.Queen's Rocket.
Sickness.....Field Anemone.
Silence.....White Rose.
Silliness .....Fool's Parsley.
Simplicity.....Wild, or Dog Rose.
Sincerity .....Fern.
Singularity.....Cock's Comb (Crested Amaranth).

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Skill.....Spider Ophrys.
Slander.....Snake's Tongue.
Sleep of the heart.....White Poppy.
Snare.....Dragon Plant, Catchfly.
Social intercourse.....Balm.
Solitude.....Heath.
Sorrow.....Yew.
Sorrowful remembrances.....Pheasant's Eye (Adonis).
Sourness; Sharpness...Barberry.
Spell bound.....Witch Hazel.
Spleen.....Fumitory.
Splendor.....Scarlet Nasturtium.
Sporting.....Foxtail Grass.
Stoicism.....Box.
Strength.....Cedar-Tree: Fennel.
Success crown your wishes.....Coronella.
Superstition.....St. John's Wort.
Surprise.....Truffle.
Suspicion.....Mushroom.
Sweet or mild disposition.....Mallow.

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Sweet remembrances ..Periwinkle.
Sympathy.....Thrift.

Talent.....Red Pink.
Tardiness .....Flax-leaved Goldy-locks.
Taste .....Scarlet Fuchsia
Tears.....Helenium.
Temperance.....Azalea.
Temptation.....Apple.
Thankfulness .....Agrimony.
Thoughts, Pensez à moi,
Think of me.....Pansy, or Heart's Ease.
Time .....White Poplar.
Timidity .....Marvel of Peru.
Tranquillity .....Rock Madwort.
Transient happiness...Spiderwort.
Treachery .....Bilberry.
Truth.....Bittersweet Nightshade.

Unanimity.....Phlox.
Unchanging friendship;
Old age ....Arbor Vitæ.

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Unchangeable.....Globe Amaranth.
Uneasiness and jealousy .....Garden Marygold.
Unfortunate attachment; Mourning bride ....Scabious, Dark Blue.
Unity .....Trefoil.
Unpatronised merit....Rose-colored Primrose
Unpretending excellence.....Camellia Japonica.
Uselessness.....Meadow Sweet.
Utility .....Grass.

Variety .....China Aster.
Very lovely.....Austrian Rose.
Vice... .....Darnel, or Ray Grass
Victory .....Palm.
Virtue .....Mint; Snowball.
Vivacity.....House Leek.
Voluptuousness.....Tuberose.
Vulgar minds .....African Marygold.

War.....Yarrow; Milfoil.
Winter of age.....Guelder Rose.

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Weakness; Insignificance ..... Moschatel.
Wisdom ..... White Mulberry-Tree.
Woman's love ..... Red Double Pink.
Worth sustained by judicious and tender affection ..... Pink. Convolvulus

You are my Divinity .. American Cowslip
You are perfect ..... Pine Apple.
You are radiant with charms ..... Ranunculus (R. Asiaticus).
You are rich in attraction ..... Garden Ranunculus.
You are without pretension ..... Pasque Flower Anemone.
You please all ..... Branch of Currants.
You will cause my death. Hemlock.
Young girl ..... Rose Bud.
Your image is engraven on my heart ..... Spindle-Tree.
Your presence revives me ..... Rosemary.

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Your looks freeze me..Ficoides, or Ice Plant.
Your presence softens
my pains.....Milk Vetch.
Your qualities surpass
your charms.....Mignonette.
Youth .....White Lilac.
Youthful gladness.....Spring Crocus.

Zest.... ....Lemon.

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